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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Compressed Masterpieces

WE are in receipt of elaborate circulars under the seal and heading of the Authors Club of New York, announcing to the reading public of America "The Authors Digest" which, edited (in 1908 says "Who's Who," but not the circular) by Rossiter Johnson, is now apparently to be continued in a series of the great masterpieces of world literature abbreviated into "short story form." "What we remember of a great book is the lesson it teaches," says the circular. "It is the story itself, not the 'padding' that holds our interest. If the 'padding' does not entertain, if it does not teach, if it is not remembered, if it was only 'put in to fill out,' why not eliminate it? This would give us fascinating short stories that could be finished at one sitting." Among the books announced in condensed form are the "Iliad," "a delightful short story presentation of the heroic period of early Grecian history"; "The Eddas," in "bright short story form;" Aphra Behn's "Oroonoko"—"a very rare book . . . condemned by the English government and burned by the hangman." Shakespeare, says the circular, was the first to demonstrate the theory that books are better condensed than in their original form. He took Lodge's "Rosalynde," and "converted it into a short story, and put it on the stage under the title of 'As You Like It.'"

Now whether the masterpieces of literature can be improved by cutting out the padding is a question that can be debated. We ourselves are radically inclined, and believe that certain masterpieces of the early romantic novel, notably Scott's and Cooper's, could be improved by a slight and judicious cutting of rambling description, though it would never have occurred to us to reduce them to "bright short story form." But in the stricter literary moulds—poetry, the drama, the essay, and even in the free breathing novels of Fielding and Dickens, and certainly in Flaubert, the operation would seem to be one of doubtful propriety even if performed for the youngest and least literate sections of "the reading public of America." However, where possible, authors themselves are to commit a modified hari-kari for the Authors Digest, the fat apparently to be removed, but the vitals to be left functioning in what space may be allowed. William Dean Howells has, so says the "pronouncement," already rewritten his novels or some of them, for the Digest, and "the outstanding 12 books each year—for ten years to come—[are to be] briefed into brilliant condensations with the plot speeded up—by relieving it of all delaying detail. The Authors Digest was born of the imperative need for such distillation."

What is this imperative need? Are our writers such dabsters and paddists that their books must be "briefed" as soon as they appear in order to be read by the American public? Can the masterpieces of all the ages be reduced by "the art of Compression" to something not just as good as, but, for the general reader, better than, the original? We are not overawed by the name of "classic" and willingly admit that Homer nodded, Shakespeare occasionally was in atrocious taste, Hugo spilled every now and then a page of words where a sentence would have been enough, and that a little cutting *might* harm nothing but the perfect work. Yet even to shave sentences from great literature requires consummate skill, and nothing short of amputation seems to be proposed in the Authors Digest. It would be interesting to know the opinions of some of the distinguished scholars, critics, poets, and novelists of the Authors Club, whose names appear in capitals on the first page of this circular, as to the "imperative need" for condensing our literary masterpieces into short story form for this enterprise which the Authors Club is sponsoring.

Song of April

By ROWENA BASTIN BENNETT

A PIGEON-rain is on the roof—
A little soft and cooing thing.
She pecks the gable with her beak
And brushes the window with her wing.
Oh, that I dared to leave the fire—
The sputtering fire, the stammering clock—
And wrap myself with wings of rain
On the blunted crest of the osprey's rock!

A pigeon-wind is on the roof
Beating wild wings against the wood.
Swift he pursues the gray-tailed rain,
The mating fever in his blood;
And where a blue wing trails the earth
And where soft feathers graze a tree,
There springs the blade, the budding leaf,
The beauty born of mystery.

Oh, that I dared to leave the fire—
The bickering fire, the quibbling clock—
And meet my love on the madcap road
That scales the breast of the osprey's rock!

This Week

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street."
Reviewed by O. W. FIRKINS.

"Women Are Necessary."
Reviewed by BARRY BENEFIELD.

"Men of Art."
Reviewed by LLOYD GOODRICH.

"Innocence Abroad."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"Flamenco."
Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON.

"Whitegates."
Reviewed by FRED T. MARSH.

"Gin and Bitters."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"The Squire's Daughter."
Reviewed by BERNADINE K. SCHERMAN.

"Juan in America."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"The Aristocratic Journey."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"The Black Napoleon."
Reviewed by BLAIR NILES.

The Red and White Girdle.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"From Great Dipper to Southern Cross."
Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL.

Next Week

Spring Book Number.

Everybody's Prophesy

By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College

THOSE who are responsible for educational direction are sometimes called upon to answer difficult inquiries. Today the mail brings a request for counsel about a former coworker, one who several years ago went forth from us to sample those apparently more luxuriant pastures outside the academic walls and who now desires readmittance to partake once again of the cloistered crumbs. I am asked if he is "a scholarly gentleman." I have had to consider this inquiry carefully before replying. My erstwhile colleague is of a family old and honored. He uses knife and fork without offence. He hands a lady in to dinner with precisely the correct combination of courteous gallantry and ironic amusement. He is, moreover, a doctor of philosophy from a most reputable university and has published in the learned periodicals. Yet at last I have written to the academic inquirer that Doctor Exe is *not* a scholarly gentleman. I am sure that he is not. A few months ago he wrote a book about religion. I had to read it. It was terrible. Perhaps a gentleman could have written it, but not a scholarly gentleman.

Not, to be sure, that it was in any respect startlingly unique among contemporary books of its sort. For three years now, and for four periodicals, I have been reviewing volumes in this field. There has been a mighty flood of them. I am told that next to fiction there is more "religion" published today in America than almost any other sort of literature. In consequence, I have been furnished for critical digestion only the most highly selected fare. I have been given only those productions which the editors have deemed either the most notorious in authorship or the most likely for any reason to have a mighty sale. I have looked at religion these many months as religion is understood among our literary men of the moment. I have examined it historically, scientifically, biographically, sociologically, philosophically, popularly, piously, abusively, and jocularly; under the expert guidance of biologists, pathologists, ex-prize-fighters, captains of industry, one time mistresses of great novelists, literary craftsmen, cinema stars, archaeologists, deposed priests, political dictators, popular preachers, and manufacturers of elegant plumbing supplies; not to speak of various otherwise unknowable exponents of fundamentalism, modernism, neo-Catholicism, all too humanism, and the Anti-Saloon League. Occasionally, for sheer relief, I have gone out and purchased some obscure book written by an unknown saint, or by a poor and unheard-of scholar, who really knew a little about his subject. That, however, was pure recreation.

I have come to believe that a civilized combination of open-mindedness and cautious speech is, in university circles as well as in the books and magazine articles which flood us, more characteristic of those who deal with physical and organic science than of those who treat of matters spiritual. The scientist whom I know is commonly a careful man about his knowledge. He has learned to be more canny than those very eminent scientists of an earlier century who insisted that the Church shut the mouth of Galileo. He is singularly willing to listen with patience to anyone, no matter how novel or how ancient may be his theories or contentions. With much courtesy he sits and asks for proof from proponents of theories new or old; and his own utterances are almost always other than merely speculative. To be scientific today apparently means, in practice as in precept, to be swift to hear, slow to speak. It was not always

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so with scientists. That it is so now is an honorable achievement of their guild.

Curiously enough, while this admirable development has been going on in circles scientific, the opposite seems to have been happening in realms religious. There prejudice to an astonishing degree has displaced fairness, fact, and judgment; and people seem to be daily flying off the handle in strange parabolas—advancing with assurance the most daring and unsupported theories, religious or anti-religious, and becoming irritated when one presumes to doubt what they say or to request supporting evidence from the actual spiritual experience of the race. And while almost everybody thus deems himself called upon to utter cocksure and snappy theories about God and the human soul, hardly anybody seems to be willing to listen to the testimony of the ages or to patient examiners of the facts. Neither writers nor readers in this field seem bent on study, but only on promoting or denying unsupported theory.

It might help if we could have a little more scientific spirit in our religious discussion. In fact, we need it grievously. We need to listen to those who know what has been and is. We need to pay some heed, for instance, to the people who have really examined the psychology of religion, men like William James and Stratton and Barry and Thouless. We need to study the history of religion dispassionately, and to beware of those clever fellows who twist that history to the support of apparent and preconceived theses. We need to ponder, with the aid of every modern device and method, the lives and thoughts of the great geniuses of the life spiritual—men like Francis and John the Divine and the Buddha and Loyola and à Kempis and George Fox, women like Theresa and Catherine of Sienna; and to analyze their experience. We need the open ear and the not too speedy tongue. If we had them there would be, on the one hand, less attempt to present religion merely as a set of verbal shibboleths, or as a program of legalized moralities; or as an organized social grouping demanding an unreasoned loyalty—less conventionalizing and sterilization of the spiritual impulse within man; and, on the other hand, there would be a blessed lot less of offhand talking about such things as "the antiquated anthropomorphism of a personal God" and "the sexual basis of religion" and "religion as a social by-product" and "the outworn power of a greedy priestcraft" and "religion as the opiate of the people," as well as fewer instances of that thumbing of the nose at God and man which passes as a smart attitude with too many literary persons of the moment. There would be a greater perception of the dignity, the subtlety, the intellectual and emotional shadings of this human impulse for personal contact with reality, this moving, pathetic, yet shining thing which bears the name religion.

* * *

It is with no desire myself to be unduly dogmatic, and thus to disobey mine own injunction, that I venture to suggest three things about religion which do seem to be almost certainly established by our best study both of religion as an historical fact and of religion as a present psychological phenomenon. The best thought of the past and the best investigation of the moment seem in agreement on these things. Therefore to state them is perhaps not to be unduly swift in speech. They seem next to unknown to most of the ladies and gentlemen who have written these swift-coming volumes which I have lately been constrained to read.

First of all, religion is not primarily a system of thought. It is not fundamentally a theology, which means a set of propositions about the nature of God; nor a cosmology, which means a collation of statements purporting to describe the natural world; nor an anthropology, which means an arrangement of basic, or allegedly basic, facts about man. Religion may lead to a theology, to a cosmology, to an anthropology; but itself it is an intuitive personal relationship existing between men and women and the Ultimate Person.

There has never been much valid argument for or against religion. People have not been converted to it by having it proved to them that there is a God. The overwhelming number of human beings has without any proof at all known that there is a God, in precisely the same manner that people have known that they themselves exist. I cannot prove that I am, but I quite well know it. I cannot prove that my world is real, but I am quite sure that it is. I cannot prove that there is a Deity, but I will risk my eternal destiny that there is, and further that I can know Him, fear Him, love Him, disobey or obey Him. This almost every man born into the world has known and has known that he has known. So universal is this conviction that the Psalmist thought he was uttering the simplest commonplace when he said, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' " He did not at all mean to be uncharitable. It is on this certainty that God is, that He may be found, that He cares, that all religion is built. This would seem necessarily to imply several things: that to destroy religion from the earth will require the eradication of a next to universal intuitive cognition, which of course can never be done; that religion has not primarily to do with one's relationship to other people, though that, to be sure, is secondarily involved; that its social aspects are incidental; that its concern with morals is derivative; that its business is not to buttress social orders or to destroy them; that it has to do with the Ultimate on the one hand and on the other with the seeking, hungry, peaceless, lonely souls of individual persons, of you and me and the next man and the woman around the corner, each of which is restless until it can find a rest in God. Or, as Professor Whitehead says, "Religion is what a man does with his aloneness." That that is what religion has meant historically and what it means psychologically, is indubitable. A would-be author about spiritual subjects might at least listen until he learns that much before he rushes off into wild remarks which ignore all that as though it were not.

* * *

A second thing which may be noted from the past and from the best study in the present is that man's creeds have always been pictures of God rather than descriptions or analyses of God. Nobody ever has comprehended the Ultimate Person—put their intellectual hands all around Him. There are two kinds of knowing, comprehending and apprehending. They both are real knowing, though they differ greatly one from the other. It is possible to get one's mind all around some things. Others can only be touched, tangentially. I can comprehend that two and two is four. I can only apprehend how in reality time does not exist, that a thousand years is indeed as one day. I can comprehend digestion. I can only apprehend beauty. I can comprehend what an atom is. I can only apprehend what energy may be. I can comprehend bread and butter. I may perhaps apprehend God. Things which may be comprehended I can diagram; but of the things I apprehend I may speak only in symbol. When one says and means, "I love you," it is symbolic language, not diagrammatic. A physical relationship is mentioned but more than that is meant. When a religious man says, "God is my father," that is symbolic language too. Another physical relationship is used but more than that is meant. When the Psalmist says, "The Lord is my light," he means vastly more than the mere words denote. When one declares, "The good God has washed away my sin," the words are picture words. When Athanasius declares that "God Is Three Persons in One Essence," he is not trying to present a proposition in mathematics. The things we apprehend but cannot comprehend, these we express through the arts. We paint them in great pictures, carve them in compelling statues, erect them in mighty buildings, sing them in noble songs, clothe them with words in immortal verse. In all art that is good, there is revealed, behind and through the physical medium, that which has been seen but may not quite be uttered. The creations of art are symbols all. Religion is not a science, dealing with things men comprehend. Religion is an art, and deals with things they apprehend. Nor is it the less true for that. At least men might remember this when they are speaking of it. It would save a lot of stupid chatter if they did.

* * *

And one more thing may be perhaps suggested from the wisdom of the past and the best research of the present—a thing to be remembered concerning the nature of those dogmas and rituals which are the vesture of religion. Valid dogmas are not arbitrary formulæ originating in one man's mind, or in the minds of some priestly caste, and then rammed down the throats of the people; nor are rituals merely hocus-pocus arbitrarily designed, into participation in which human beings have been forced or fooled, contrary to their own desire. When people have like experiences of God, personal experiences, they find in certain symbolic language expression of that common experience. They design, hammering it out in long decades and centuries, great picture-languages to describe what God has meant to them and may mean to others. Those utterances of common making are the basic dogmas of the world religions. A dogma that one man may make is not good unless it appeals to others as expressing truly what they too have felt. Dogmas must be accepted, and widely accepted, before they have validity. John Calvin made new dogmas of his own, and they are happily almost all forgotten. The Church made dogmas by common consent through long centuries of growth. Millions of people—including many of education and intellectual honesty—still find them true. A dogma is a common thing, a vulgar thing, a democratic thing. And as for rituals, they, too, must be symbols of a common attitude toward God, held individually by millions, before they matter much. People are of course continually making new rituals of their own. Most of them die with their creators. The rituals which last have a symbolism which appeals to people generally as honestly embodying what men normally feel toward God and what they naturally would give to God. Rituals, too, are democratic things. Time-tested creeds embody what the people are sure is true; rituals that last have a racial validity. They are not thrust externally upon the millions of God's children. They come from what the millions of God's children themselves have learned from God's own dealing with their souls.

The people do not desire creedless faiths, nor should they, for they know that such religions are always necessarily the creations of persuasive and eccentric individuals; and the mass of mankind rightly distrusts all biological and psychological "sports." The ways of the race, the folk ways, are the true ways. God made *man* in his image, says Genesis, not just some few bright men. Nor do the people desire religions without ritual, for if there be no symbol of the common worship then all that one can do is, again, to listen to some bright prophet. It is a thing worth noting that the religious hunger is not a hunger for prophets, but a hunger for God Himself.

It would indeed help if all those permitted to write books about religion could be persuaded to submit to a little impartial study of such basic facts as these. But would there then be any great demand for their product? Now that fiction has either become sordidly realistic or else built upon the strict mathematics of the detective-story formula, the popular reader is almost forced to buy religious books in order to find any wild romance, any mad creation of imaginative superstructure without the bother of foundations. And one need not be absurd about these fanciful spiritualities. One never took "Graustark" or "Under the Red Robe" seriously. Such books were good fun, or sometimes not so good. Even so with most of what purports to be the new religious literature.

Perversion in Wimpole Street

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET. By Rudolph Besier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by O. W. Firkins

COMEDIES in five acts are now rare, and Mr. Besier's five-act play is comedy with a difference. The action it portrays and the feeling it evokes can both be abridged into a single word—oppression. The elder Barrett's effect upon his household is conveyed in two lines from Tennyson:

> And all talk died, as in a grove all song
> Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.

Hitherto literature itself, like the man's children, has been hushed before the grim anomaly of the elder Barrett's character. There has been a grotto in 50 Wimpole Street even less penetrable than Elizabeth's bed-sitting room, and that grotto has been the mind of Edward Moulton-Barrett. This is the problem: How could a man of conscience and intelligence behave in one matter persistently and consistently like a cruel blockhead? Mr. Besier's treatment is simplicity itself: he removes the conscience and intelligence. In a word, he *removes* the problem. His Barrett is quite mean enough to impart a semblance of probability to the worst of his recorded acts. It is harder to understand how such a man should have been paternally related to Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

There is, however, one marked originality in the treatment. In the fifth act Barrett intimates that he entertains toward his daughter feelings which

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overstep the normalities and the proprieties of fatherhood. This has no effect upon the outcome; the outcome is already behind us; Elizabeth is married. All that happens is that Mr. Besier and Edward Barrett, in sinister complicity, succeed in making both Elizabeth and the reader very uncomfortable. It is curious to observe how far sometimes, in popular interest, the obvious exceeds the remotely and insalubriously lawless. In this book, the prescribed, the inescapable, situation, the father's consternation at Elizabeth's elopement, is far more moving than the anomaly which Mr. Besier has gone so far, and trodden in such miry ways, to seek.

The best of the play is not the delineation of the high protagonists. Mr. Besier is not at home with greatness. Robert Browning would never have courted Mr. Besier's Elizabeth, and Elizabeth would never have left even 50 Wimpole Street in company with Mr. Besier's Robert Browning. Browning furnishes the livelier stage material; he dominates and insists, proving conclusively that it is a great deal easier to be dominating and insistent than to be Browningesque. Mr. Besier's best work is done on a lower plane where he moves with the cheerfulness and freedom of a man in his own yard; he succeeds with Henrietta, the romping rebel, and her agreeably boobyish lover, Captain Surtees Cook. The best act in a rambling and ambling drama is the fourth, where Barrett's ruthlessness with Henrietta is skilfully employed to goad the reluctant and shrinking Elizabeth into decision. The other Barretts have a lumbering sprightliness and timid swagger which is probable enough, but not markedly sympathetic.

The play has literary associations and a theatricality which experiment in two capitals has apparently verified. On no other grounds is it entitled to hope for a lasting or significant place in English literature.

Not Sad Enough

WOMEN ARE NECESSARY. By JOHN HELD, JR. New York: Vanguard Press. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by BARRY BENEFIELD

A CROWN must be set, at any rate, upon the courage of John Held, Jr. He is a professional funny man who, as a pictorial artist, has deliberately, diligently, and profitably mocked at all the old characters, situations, and themes supposed, these days, to belong exclusively to sentimental melodrama. Now, as a writing man, in this his first novel, he tells the story of Edna, the young, innocent, good-natured, small-town girl who is wronged by a prowling, heartless man of the cities and towns; and then she goes down and down, dying in physical and moral degradation on a bed of shame on the last page, thinking brokenly of her childhood, her baby, stray events of her womanhood.

But no, you say, surely Mr. Held is not serious about such a story; he's just making fun. Yes, he is indeed serious. You will find no funning in "Women Are Necessary."

And well he might be serious. The story of the Ednas of the world is a great theme for a supreme master. It is being retold constantly by shoddy fakers who are ashamed of it and who put it under heavy disguise to make it seem something other than it is. We salute again Mr. Held's courage and sincerity; he gives Edna's story straight. He not only gives it straight and neat, he blazes with righteous indignation about it.

The trouble with Edna's story as told by Mr. Held is that it isn't effective enough. He didn't do what he wanted to do. We don't believe in his Edna or any of the persons, almost all men, with whom she is concerned. He should make us believe in them so thoroughly that we should want to weep and fight about them.

This day of ours being what it is, and we being what we are, an author who tries to make us believe in Edna and her group, and feel adequately about them, is undertaking a heroically hard job. But if he elects to work on the job, he is properly responsible for what he does. Mr. Held tried—Mr. Held failed. His story of Edna is simply not good enough. It is not sad enough.

Seldom has a professional funny man given such an opening as has Mr. Held in this novel for facetious, smart-alecky jibes aimed at him—him of all people!—in the role of sob sister. He is not a sob sister. He is a recklessly brave writing man who attempted a story far beyond his present powers.

A Puritan History of Art

MEN OF ART. By THOMAS CRAVEN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by LLOYD GOODRICH

THAT the Book-of-the-Month Club should have chosen an art book this time is unusual; but this is an unusual art book. Most volumes on art nowadays are either highly technical or sentimentally popularized. Mr. Craven has brought back the human note, combined with a vigorous and masculine philosophy. His book is the most readable "outline" since Elie Faure's great work; but unlike the latter, it is restricted to painting in the Western world from Giotto to the present, as exemplified in its leading figures, and the emphasis is as much on the lives and backgrounds of the artists as on criticism.

Mr. Craven is far from the detached, Olympian type of critic. He is a vehemently personal writer with strong convictions. His creed is a violent reaction against certain trends of modern criticism best represented by Roger Fry: the conception of art as a purely formal, abstract affair, independent of its epoch or environment or of any "literary" content. To Mr. Craven all this suggests the ivory tower. Art must bear a vital relation to life or he will have

Hogarth's portrait of Lord Lovat, painted the day before that famous rascal's death, and showing him counting off on his fingers the days of life that remain to him.
From "Men of Art."

none of it. To him it is not something esoteric but a universal language expressing the most broadly human ideas and feelings. His tastes are realistic; subject matter is of fundamental importance to him, and he is absolutely opposed to abstractionism. The masculine virtues interest him more than the feminine. His admiration goes out chiefly to the great artists of the Renaissance.

All of this represents a healthy change from the preciousness of much contemporary esthetics. Mr. Craven says many things that need saying today. With the breakdown of old standards there has been a tendency to lose sight of the great figures and the great qualities of the past, and to exalt minor ingenuities and preciosities. Mr. Craven does well to recall the supreme creators. The largest and finest part of his book is devoted to the artists of the Renaissance, and in his chapters on Giotto, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, he is at his best, writing with enthusiasm, imagination, a generous sweep, and true passion. It is good to read such criticism, in which the basic human values of great art are once more affirmed with power and intelligence. These pages prove that in spite of all that has been written on these themes, they have not lost their capacity to inspire fresh thoughts and emotions.

Mixed with the author's appreciation is a ballast of hard, shrewd commonsense. He is never carried away by admiration into false emotion. The old masters to him are human beings, not angels, and his treatment of their personal side is robustly realistic, with a lack of idealization which emphasizes their humanity without detracting from their greatness. A keen sense of character makes his portraits of them living, and rich in material which contributes to the understanding of their art.

Mr. Craven's enthusiasms are balanced by equally strong dislikes. For every great man whom he praises there are hosts of others with whom he has no patience. His critical viewpoint, honest and vigorous as it is, has its limitations. Its chief premise, that the artist should be inspired directly by life, not by the art of others or of the past, is healthy but not very profound. Distinctions between "art" and "life" are at best crude and superficial. Genius operates in various ways, and gives its vitality to anything it touches. Mr. Craven places an unwarrant value on the type of artist who comments directly on his age and environment, and he rates satirists like Goya, Hogarth, and Daumier on a level with far more universal figures. On the other hand, he has not much capacity to appreciate a work of art, aside from its background, as a primarily esthetic creation. Formal qualities mean comparatively little to him; he does not see that they are of more enduring value than any amount of comment on life. He makes the common mistake of assuming that concern with form means a divorce from reality. He is suspicious of "beauty," and in a sense rightly, for the poor word has been so manhandled by academic critics that it suggests only mauve Whistlerian sentiments; nevertheless it does represent an essential and ultimate value, to which he is more or less unreceptive.

He appears similarly incapable of appreciating art that is calm, happy, and untroubled by conscious thought or conflict. That painting should be merely a praise of life, a re-creation of the sensuous beauty of the world, he seems unable to understand. Sensuousness goes against his grain; at bottom he is a Puritan critic, to whom great art must always be austere, difficult, tragic. Hence among the Italians he is partial to the Florentines at the expense of the Venetians, and omits Raphael, to whom he refers as a pretty, popular painter—mistaking his repose for weakness and missing his serene power.

This strain of Puritanism shows also in a curious distrust of any element of sex, which appears with a frequency that suggests obsession and distinctly warps his artistic opinions. Venice to him is "the courtesan city," whose most typical artist is Titian, a "sensualist" and a creator of "aphrodisiacs." Into Titian's nudes he reads implications strange to a healthy-minded person, even quoting with approval Mark Twain's provincial ravings at "Titian's beast," a piece of insane prudery which one can forgive in a professional backwoods humorist but not in an art critic. This prejudice leads him to a strange misjudgment of the art of the great Venetian, who, he says, could neither draw nor compose—this, about one of the few supreme masters of formal design!

But it is when he comes to French art that Mr. Craven loses his balance most disastrously. There is no doubt that the present tendency is to overrate the French, who in spite of their domination of European taste since the end of the Renaissance, have produced rather a succession of lesser figures than any artist of the first rank; but while this fact would bear emphasizing, it could be done without going to the ridiculous extreme of wholesale condemnation. Mr. Craven's Francophobia sounds almost pathological; nothing that the unfortunate race can do pleases him. His estimates of French artists, with the exception of Daumier, are grotesquely unfair, and his account of them is one long polemic against France and everything French. Paris is as much a den of iniquity to him as to any Methodist minister.

He shows an even more pronounced complex against modern art. Sideswipes at it keep intruding into his discussions of the older masters, considerably marring the dignity of the theme; and as he gets nearer to the present day his voice rises. Finally he sets up a straw man, the Modernist. This despicable creature is anti-social, afraid of "life," morbidly introspective; his sexual life does not bear looking into; he is lazy; he has no "mind"; he paints nothing but bloodless abstractions; he spends his time brooding in his studio (there is something inexplicably offensive to Mr. Craven in the word "studio"). To anyone familiar with contemporary artists and their work, this is laughable. If, as the author himself says, "our chief concern is with the art of our own time, whether we like it or not," it would seem worth while to make a serious attempt to understand it.

Mr. Craven, as can be seen, is far from the perfect critic. He lacks the essential qualities of balance and the desire to understand even those artists he does not like. Impersonal truth interests him less than the expression of his own prejudices. He has a habit of making facts agree with his opinions, instead of the reverse. It is remarkable how things which are virtues in the artists he likes become vices in those he dislikes: running a picture factory, for ex-

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ample, is all right for Rubens but not for Raphael; and the Florentine propensity for murder is a playful symptom of vitality, whereas the comparatively harmless habit of adultery in the Venetians is shocking. It is evident that he has not yet thoroughly thought out the reasons for his prejudices; and his worst critical errors are due to his too exclusive reliance on personal emotion. The large amount of rather pointless denunciation in the book is a blemish; some of this Menckenesque invective is keen and tonic, but the great bulk of it is distinctly tiresome.

One regrets these faults all the more because Mr. Craven's general viewpoint is so sound and so much needed in contemporary criticism. His excesses go far towards weakening a fundamentally strong position. But it is perhaps not fair to treat the book as a piece of impartial criticism. In its own way it is a work of art, marked by some of the distortion that Mr. Craven finds in his contemporaries in the field of painting. As such it is always lively and stimulating, and frequently stirring. We have enough safe, omniscient criticism; a blast like this is needed now and then to clear the air. With this book Mr. Craven steps out as one of our most colorful writers on art. With all his faults he has the root of the matter in him; let us hope that in time he will gain more tolerance, if not appreciation, of types of art alien to his temperament.

The Story of *The Reviewer*

INNOCENCE ABROAD. By EMILY CLARK. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

EXACTLY a decade has passed since Emily Clark and Hunter Stagg of Richmond, saddened at the death of the only literary page in the city's newspapers, picked up from some one the notion of starting a "little magazine." The suggestion evolved into *The Reviewer*, which every one interested in American literature will recall without effort, although its last Virginia number appeared in 1924, and the last number of the transplanted magazine a year later. "Innocence Abroad" is, in essence, the story of *The Reviewer*, and it is as gay and clever and slyly malicious and entertaining a volume as any one might wish to read, in addition to being a real contribution to the subject of the revival of good writing in the South.

After an introduction devoted to a sketch of the magazine's career, brief, checkered, but consistently honorable, Miss Clark, who proved her worth as an essayist with "Stuffed Peacocks," carries on the charming story by means of a series of sketches of some of the outstanding persons who lent aid of one sort or another to her venture. Most of the literary figures thus discussed helped with personal counsel, contributions, and missionary work; one of them, James Branch Cabell, once went so far as to edit the magazine for three months. The younger authors were glad to write for *The Reviewer* in order to be associated with the bigwigs. Burton Rascoe once said that Miss Clark's ability to persuade all kinds of people to write for the magazine gratis savored of the miraculous.

Mr. Cabell opens the ball, with Ellen Glasgow coming next—and those readers who do not realize how long ago Miss Glasgow began to write good and bold and significant novels will find an admirable brief evaluation of her work in the chapter devoted to her—and followed by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), Joseph Hergesheimer, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, and Ernest Boyd. Then comes a lovely tribute to Elinor Wylie, whom Miss Clark did not meet until 1924, but whom she came to know well—there is no finer bit in the book than the description of the dinner the two had in a Half Moon Street hotel, Half Moon Street possessing its own quality—followed by chapters on three of the magazine's contributors who were later to win fame, Frances Newman, Julia Peterkin, and DuBose Heyward. It was Mr. Mencken who wrote Miss Clark about Miss Newman and Mrs. Peterkin, and both really began their literary careers in *The Reviewer's* pages. Mr. Heyward was already known as a poet before he contributed prose to the magazine. The book closes with a combined chapter on Paul Green and Gerald Johnson, both contributors, who were the moving spirits in the eventual transfer of the magazine to North Carolina, where it lasted only one year. An effort was made to pay for contributions, which was probably a fatal mistake, since it so completely violated tradition. There are photographs of all these notables, well reproduced.

Many another famous name enters Miss Clark's pages, for she met the great and near-great on her trips to New York to round up material, and also in Richmond; Sinclair Lewis promised to write something for *The Reviewer* but never did, and as might be expected, there were other failures, but the average was strikingly high. Not content with making established authors write pieces for her, Miss Clark infected many with her enthusiasm, and sent them out as missionaries to gather in further contributions. Robert Nathan sent her one of his most delightfully characteristic poems, which Miss Clark has graciously reprinted in her book, since it is not hard to come by —I wonder what a complete file of *The Reviewer* might bring about now?—Ronald Firbank wrote for the magazine, and John Galsworthy, Arthur Machen and Edwin Muir, Gertrude Stein and Aleister Crowley, Achmed Abdullah—"Captain Abdullah's single adventure in fame without specie" comments Miss Clark—and Margery Latimer. . . .

Miss Clark is too busily engaged in telling her high-spirited story to try to underline the accomplishments of *The Reviewer*, but those of us who recall the state of letters in the South at the time of the appearance of Mr. Mencken's famous diatribe, "The Sahara of the Bozart," will be inclined to give *The Reviewer* no small share of the credit for the existing condition of affairs, when, as DuBose Heyward says, "It is almost as chic in literature to be a Southerner as to be a Negro." Jesting aside, if Miss Clark's magazine had done no more than nourish the budding talent of Julia Peterkin, it would have justified its existence, but it actually did a great deal more. It was an intelligently conducted experiment from the first, unbusinesslike, assuredly, but with high standards. And it deserved just the sort of history that has been written in "Innocence Abroad," a book that no one seriously interested in the recent history of our literature can neglect, and a book that no one who is capable of enjoying really first-rate talk about writers and their work should overlook. I do not see how Miss Clark could have done her job more engagingly; it is not difficult to understand how she accomplished what she did with *The Reviewer* after a careful reading of her book.

Gypsy Love

FLAMENCO. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

IN this rather out-of-the-ordinary romance, the author of "Red Wagon" tells the story of a gypsy girl's life, her love for two Englishmen, and her relations with an English family. The story is laid in the England of a hundred years ago, and is always very picturesque. The costumed characters, the strangeness of the house on the moors, the weird witch-like and elf-like minor characters in the background give it a romantic atmosphere. The touch is light, and the exaggerated romanticism often technically excellent.

As a child, the gypsy girl, Camila, is sold to a dissolute Englishman living with his family in a secluded spot on the moors, and she grows up with his children. She learns English ways, but her gypsy blood breaks out at times. When she is old enough, she marries one of the Englishman's sons, but soon finds that she really loves the other son, who is "like a gypsy."

Instead of going to live with Harry, Camila acts according to English conventions—as she has learned them—and remains with her husband. She considers it her duty to stay with him so long as he loves her, though she despises him. Gradually her contempt destroys his love, he takes up with another woman, and asks Camila to leave him. Then at last she is free to live with her lover.

The first chapters are very good. They describe the flight of a gypsy family—Camila's family—through Spain and France, and then across the Channel. The bright colors of the countryside, the desperation the family feels, the cruelty of other gypsies toward the outcasts are presented with economy and vigor.

The book is long, and seems at times a trifle thin. Frequently the author uses the conventional symbol and the conventional phrase, rather than the fresh, unhackneyed equivalent. The characters are not always quite alive, and not all the characters are alive. The book has color, a great deal of color, cleverly applied, and always—as we have said—picturesqueness. It is the Book League of America selection for April.

Out of Scotland

WHITEGATES. By ORGILL MACKENZIE. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

Review by FRED T. MARSH

THIS first volume of a Scottish poet and story writer indubitably contains literature. Half in verse, half in short stories, it reveals a small world all its own for us to peer into. There are real people here, a bit uncannily real; there are mystery and fear and a touch of madness; there are beauty and many simple things. Orgill Mackenzie has brought them to us, aided by echoes from kindred spirits out of the past—from Emily Brontë to Katherine Mansfield—in a voice which remains independently her own.

Both poems and stories fuse admirably to form a whole. And if the former must yield to the latter in point of subtlety and sureness, the verse, alone, is of high quality and rich in promise. As arranged here the poems deepen in tone from the natural simplicity of

> A root in the right soil,
> Sun, rain, and a man's toil.
> That, as a wise man knows,
> Is all there is to a rose

to the Northland mysticism of "End of Days," "Haunted," and "Fear."

These verses, disturbing and melancholy, catching you unaware with a sudden swift thought or image, serve as an exquisite introduction to a group of remarkable short stories which exhibit the same qualities. In the sense that the words are selected with a care in which the factors of sound and rhythm and connotation as well as of economy and precision are all weighed, this is a highly poetic prose. It is intricately woven, subtle in harmony, and says with both freshness and exactness what it wishes to say. It fairly sings but the song is only the background to the tale. The tale remains the thing. Only it is carried above the ruck on the magic carpet of good prose woven out of beautifully selected words.

"Aunt Jessica" is a story of two little girls. Mary is smart and pretty and shows off. Janet is slow and sensitive and conceals her emotions behind a face which looks like a round solemn little mask. They leave their beautiful, stylish mother to spend a few months with fat, homely Aunt Jessica and awesome Grandfather. Under Aunt Jessica's comforting wing little Janet blossoms out. But when she returns home the child realizes that it is not going to be so easy to hold on to her new self. But she makes a brave start. That is all. Yet, this little story, not at all unusual in theme, seems to me to be a great short story. "Something Different" is another story in which one sees people and things through the eyes of a child. These two are, perhaps, my favorites, unless, indeed, the first little tale of the few brief days of a baby chick malformed at birth, a piece containing extraordinary, vivid descriptions of simple objects, be not the gem of the collection. The title story in its starkness, its north country dourness, with its rude folk and harsh manners, suggests "Wuthering Heights" and again "Lorna Doone," but in spirit it is really of neither. One story, "Why Not?" which envisions the end of the world, leaps over all bounds and fails. It seems compounded half of madness. Read with the others, however, it helps to create the unusual, at times morbid atmosphere of the whole volume.

The future work of an artist like Miss Mackenzie will be, it is safe to predict, of high quality.

The Antwerp Municipal Council has decided to restore the house and studio once occupied by Rubens, and to convert them into a museum.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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More Bitters than Gin

GIN AND BITTERS. By A. Riposte. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

OUT of their great sorrows to make their little songs is the way of poets, according to Heine. Out of their great quarrels to make their little novels is not infrequently the way of novelists. But hardly since Paul de Musset in "Elle et Lui" roused himself to the defense of his brother Albert and the annihilation of George Sand has there been so vitriolic a contribution to literary polemics as is "Gin and Bitters" by "A. Riposte." The author of a recent novel of not unsimilar name, dealing none too kindly with the life of England's greatest writer of recent years, can hardly complain when the same measure is now meted out to him, even if gin is substituted for his own milder ale. To be sure, Absalom Riposte adopts the method of his victim by disclaiming in his foreword any biographical intention: "The author wishes to make it quite plain that there are no portraits in this book." Such disavowals are useful in avoiding the laws of libel, but they are powerless against the laws of speculation. Besides, Abimelech Riposte lets the cat's shining nose out of the bag by adding even in his foreword: "All right-minded persons will agree that there have never been, or could be, such people as the characters shown in this book. . . . After all we are getting on towards the middle of the twentieth century, and civilization is civilization, as we all know."

But to return to our liquors. This Alaric Riposte slashes right into his novel in a savage manner that leaves no doubt as to his intention to tell all—if not, even, a little bit more. He catches his hero first most jadedly in a bed, not his bed, with a wife, not his wife. And when he gets out of bed, with a splitting headache, it is only to examine his own face minutely in his hostess's hand mirror. "Leverson Hurle was a small dark man, proud of his smallness; rather sallow; showing, even then, yellow pouches under his dark eyes: eyes as sad and disillusioned as those of a sick monkey." That is Anthony Riposte's first enthusiastic description of his hero.

* * *

The first chapter of "Gin and Bitters" is a suave little society mystery story in which the reader discovers only, bit by caustic bit, who's who and why. At the end of it Hurle finds himself thrown out of a very comfortable berth, with the threat of a wife—a palliatingly rich wife, however—hanging heavy, heavy over his head, and the suspicion that the husband has come off a pleasant best and knows it.

At this point Leverson Hurle debouches himself into his own past, and the reader begins to suspect who Hurle might represent if Alastaire Riposte had not explicitly stated that he does not represent anyone. For Leverson takes a hansom cab and goes to look up Lizzie,—and Lizzie lives in Lambeth! It seems that during the Lizzie period Hurle had written two books, very good ones, the first important because of its central character, whose speech and reactions are those of Lizzie, and the second because of its breadth of understanding that his experience with Lizzie had given him. This breadth of understanding is only exercised in retrospect or where Hurle is not personally concerned. It is a matter of literature, not life. When the poor girl upon whom he has mercilessly sponged sells herself to a stranger for a night in order to buy a microscope which Hurle has wanted for his scientific studies, the latter throws her off with creaking moralistic airs. He treats his other mistress, both before and after she becomes his wife, no better. He is both a snob and a cad. As the book goes on, he becomes more and more incapable of any genuine emotion unconnected with his own egoism or vanity. Devoid of real creative genius, he gathers the material for his literary work from the lives of his acquaintances, recording their eccentricities in a great card catalogue and baring their most private secrets to the public gaze whenever it suits his purposes. He goes to the South Seas for local color in a work on a certain French painter and while there, and on his travels, he betrays the generosity of his hosts by writing them up in transparent disguises. Not unnaturally, men in time become chary of entertaining him. He feels his friendless situation, becoming bitterly malicious toward his fellow authors, who if no better writers than he, have the saving tincture of humanity which he lacks. So he passes into a gangrened old age. Finally, Adolphus Riposte, with ill-concealed delight, gives him pneumonia and kills him off, having him ironically cared for in his last illness by the once scorned Lizzie.

This gives, more or less, the story, but it is far from giving the book as a whole. The author's scathing dislike of his hero, his style of brilliant invective, and his perverse delight in his task make the novel a most diverting *tour de force*. Here is entertainment not based on froth, amusement not bedded in the obvious. Adoniram Riposte has created a man who is destined to be discussed wherever English books are read. Leverson Hurle is so complete a portrayal that he might have been done by Leverson Hurle himself.

M. Riposte's potation is recommended to the tired, prohibited American public as a highly stimulating drink, even if the recipe seems to have called for more bitters than gin.

A Novel of England

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER. By F. M. Mayor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Bernardine K. Scherman

HERE is a picture of present-day English county life which seems from this distance at least, to be complete, and dishearteningly true. The author has apparently no ax to grind, no bitterness, and no satire. She suggests no end to the disintegration of that charming life, so easy and so pleasant, and offers no hope for a substitute. The county squire and his hunters and his faithful servants are finished. Their younger generation is in a funk.

The England one thus sees is restless and unhappy. Taxes are great and land has to be sold. With their fine homes gone the country people are at a loss—people who before the war found complete satisfaction in their estates and in each other, and deep-seated pride in their own prestige. It was a pleasant sort of satisfaction, like that of children, which everyone in their environs approved, and which no one elsewhere was important enough to criticize. But once the post-war problems confront them, once energy is demanded to meet a new situation—new ideas to enable them to hold on to their land, or to find something else to do—they are gone. It is this complete lack of all resourcefulness that pulls one up short. What is it that actually is lacking in these still fine, wholesome English specimens? Is it that they have had an inadequate education for life? Have things gone too smoothly for too long? Why is it that they now have no initiative?

The answer, if in this book at all, lies only between the lines. Certain it is that few of its figures have either strong emotions or keen intelligence. There is the dull parson, the oily arch-deacon, the dowdy girls, the gossipping petty mothers, the scattered landholders who devote their manly energy to nothing more significant than small town local organizations. Most of them seem atrophied. And the only sensitive ones among them find themselves utterly inadequate. The squire Geoffrey, true to what he has been taught to be the virtues—to God, to England, and the British army—is yet too kind and too tender-hearted to carry on. He sees his children become scoffers, slackers, spendthrifts. "To think that Father hacked himself to pieces to make England safe for the likes of us," says one of them. Only in premature senile decay, does he find his escape. A tragic portrait, admirably done. His daughter Ron, with all the potentialities for a rich life—a beautiful, vivacious, and exciting girl—dissipates her energies in recklessness, and tries to kill sensitiveness with heartless talk. She does nothing, and has no apparent interests beyond erotic French novels, a speedy car, and inane revues. One senses something smouldering in the heart of Ron which may be the essence of all that is fine and true in English men and women—reserves that never reach the surface. Yet she and the others of her generation as portrayed here, seem to present no better solution for England's problem than do Huxley's sardonic young intellectuals or Priestley's small-minded clerks. Life seems to have no purpose.

The novel is written in the tradition of the English classics—of Trollope and Jane Austen—but without the clarity and simplicity that perhaps their times bestowed on them. It is the same large canvas that the author has essayed, richly covered. But the place and the people are never sufficiently orientated. It is a scene that in its very nature demands description, and rarely gets it. For a long time the many characters are confusing. Certain purpose in the design is hinted at and never fulfilled. A definite characterization, like the spinster Aunt Laura, emphatically alluded to, is only sketchily presented and never realized. Ron never solves her problem. The older writers would undoubtedly have satisfied us. Their novels, once ended, would have been finished. But perhaps after all this newer is the greater art. Perhaps it is the very confusion that gives this book its illusion of reality. The author, like her people, sees no way out.

High-Spirited Banter

JUAN IN AMERICA. By Eric Linklater. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

FROM Mr. Mencken's resounding thwacks on the booboisie and from the discontented intellectuals it is a relief to turn to the deftest piece of banter on American civilization that has appeared in years. It is not satire, for it is insufficiently serious or penetrating; it is a high-spirited lampoon, which makes a butt of precisely the features that one likes best to see mocked. Mr. Linklater's Juan, a lineal descendant on the left hand of Byron's ne'er-do-well, comes to America for a tour of adventure. In these 460 incident-crammed pages he is conducted upon a joyous circuit of all the grotesque features of our land. He encounters all the drollest shams and eccentricities of American life, and he meets the whole list, from New York's 3,000-room hotels to the swamis of Hollywood, in the same light-hearted spirit. It is a good story and it is an irresistible piece of English ridicule.

There is very little in the way of American vagaries that is missed. The nocturnal beer-runners of Detroit and their gay battles; the racketeers of Chicago, presented as they conduct one of their most lavish funerals with an armor-plated hearse followed by armored cars; a typical American university in full blast, its courses in high-pressure salesmanship and business accounting punctuated with football games; the imbecilities of the Smith-Hoover presidential canvass as the embattled Republicans accuse Smith of Catholicism and the Democrats counter with the charge that Hoover has been courteous to negroes; the Southern lynching-bee; the glories of Hollywood, its movie-magnate mansions, and its coruscating art—of such materials is the book composed. Juan plows through sensation after sensation. He tastes our sensational newspapers, our movies, our vaudeville, our Senatorial oratory, and even our highbrow drama as illustrated by a four-hour inanity that sounds marvellously like "Strange Interlude." He meets Mr. Arthur Brisbane under the alias of Mr. Adelaide, and forms some first-hand impressions of Gloria Swanson under the alias of Princess Pretzel-Oppenheim. (He had previously met her husband, the prince, as head-waiter in a New York night club.) In summary all this may sound commonplace. Actually it is much better than one would expect. The author has a faculty for making us see, with his own start of surprise, such familiar facts as our insane drug-stores. He possesses a keen sense of the preposterous and ludicrous. He touches his narrative with a rhetoric that renders everything more risible. Now and then he really rises to the pitch of satire, as when he shows a Senator talking with Mr. Brisbane and Juan:

> "Humanity," mused the Senator again. "The very sound of the word is inspiring. When you consider the mighty force that holds the universe together, and remember that the same force also shapes the teardrop on a mother's face—h'm. Well, it's a very illuminating comparison, and should teach us all a lesson. Don't you wish, Mr. Motley, that your country would adopt a more humane attitude toward India, for example? What a lesson to the world if the British could be induced to deal with the poor Hindu as we have dealt with our Indians!"

But the main purpose of the volume throughout is to achieve comedy. Its principal limitation, as we have suggested, is that it makes fun of precisely the same things that Americans are always ridiculing themselves. That is, it remains a superficial study, playing most amusingly with the obvious. If it were a little more caustic in tone now and then it would probably be less palatable, but might well be more incisive. At one point only does the author seem to express his real feelings on our shortcomings. He has Juan burst out:

> "You and most Americans hold that America leads the world in all the arts of civilization. The foundation of your belief is an abundance throughout the country of mechanical contrivances such as aeroplanes, bathrooms, and gramophones. Such things, I admit, are modern enough. But in spite of them America is really a quaint, old-fashioned land. Personally I like it. But that does not blind me to

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the fact that it is the last abode of romance and other medieval phenomenon. There is, for instance, more crime in America than England has known since the Wars of the Roses; your people are as apathetic about the central government as serfs and villeins were; you still resort to patronage and jobbery to get anything done; you believe in soothsayers and alchemists as long as they speak from Wall Street; the Volstead Act is a class-measure like the Plantagenet game-laws; universities encourage a tiresome medieval industry; your newspapers are as full of personalities as the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, and your casual friendliness—a charming trait, I admit—is very like that of Chaucer's pilgrims."

It is all an exceedingly adroit mixture. There is not too much of mere fun, the adventures of Juan with bootleggers, malevolent negroes, and other dangerous characters, lending suspense to various chapters; there is plenty of farce, and yet a sufficiency of realism. While no intellect will feel for a moment any stress of subtlety, this book may make a few people wax reflective.

A Spectacular Heroine

GOODBYE AND TOMORROW. By LEANE ZUGSMITH. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.

EMMY Bishop, spectacular heroine of "Goodbye and Tomorrow," is one of those women who have become legends—a woman in her late forties, living alone in Greenwich Village, patron of poor artists, mistress of many, and inspiration of many more. Yet it is not altogether fair to class Emmy Bishop as one of a group. She is too completely individual—a vague, big-hearted person who has drifted into an unconventional life rather than chosen it, and who, once in, finds it far more delightful than the world of law and order. With a mind potentially creative, she is yet too lazy to cultivate it. She, who could be an artist, given the character to drive herself to work, falls back on urging others to it, getting her thrills vicariously out of their creation. She is one who if she hadn't had too much of this world's goods, might have been the "great" woman her intimates called her. But probably a far less interesting one. As it is, we see a rich personality full of quirks and turns, never seeking but always accepting adventure, never truly analytical in spite of all her ruminations, never logical and never able to make a decision.

In fact it is toward decision that the whole novel progresses—the tardy but necessary decision which her life and years is finally forcing upon her. Tragically she gives up the young violinist, determined to spend the rest of her days in celibacy and Europe. And two hours later she is planning how early it will be decent to ring up the still nicer young architect she met after the violinist went home! Goodbye—and tomorrow! If she were a realist, looking ahead into an inevitably gloomy future without loves, without children, without (one fears) friends, one would have to be more sorry for her. But Emmy can enjoy herself too completely in the present and in the imaginary, for sympathy. Calm, good-natured, very foolish, and quite without pride, she is a "natural." Men love her, forget her when they become busy or famous, and remember her again only in bright, happy flashes.

Technically the book is something of a stunt. It covers the period of a day only, but because of the ramifications and wanderings of Emmy's mind and affairs, runs along spontaneously. Loves beckon and recede ephemerally, loves highly dramatic, disturbingly cynical, generous, and unwise. And the day ends foolishly in a wild, jumbled, messy Village party where Emmy is the hostess to a mob she has never seen before. The great men she has known haven't bothered to come. Her one woman friend has deserted her. With inimitable dignity she announces to her sick and drunken guests that at last the party is over. And when they are gone, she stands there alone, still beautiful in her silver turban, regarding her broken glass, and the splintered Chippendale chair. The scatter-brained management of her life is responsible for its disorder. But only out of disorder, philosophizes Emmy, comes freedom.

"The most outstanding success of the Swedish book season," says the London *Observer*, "is that of 'Clown Jac,' by Hjalmar Bergman, a rarely gifted author who died a few months ago at the age of forty-seven. Originally a student of the Italian renaissance, he later turned back to his native soil of Dalcarbia, and in a series of Dickensian tales revealed, with a kind of grotesque humor, a rich gallery of personages, culminating in the fascinating autobiography of 'Clown Jac.'"

An Early American Tour

THE ARISTOCRATIC JOURNEY. Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall, written during a fourteen months' sojourn in America, 1827-1828. Edited by UNA POPE-HENNESSEY. New York: G. P. Puntam's Sons. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MRS. HALL was the daughter of Sir John Hunter, British Consul-General in Spain, and wife of Captain Basil Hall, grandson of Lord Selkirk. She seems to have been a bright and rather attractive little snob, very limited in her outlook and understanding, but with a sharp eye for surfaces, in particular those of the polite world, which was the only world in which she was really interested.

She had seen the latter in some of its most engaging aspects in Spain and France, and when she and her husband made their grand tour of the American wilds in 1827-28, this rather glamorous memory was always in the background of her thoughts and judgments, together with her English lady's fixed and somewhat insular notions of just what was what.

The new winds that had blown across western society with Rousseau and the French Revolution, seem to have passed quite over her head. Pioneer ideology and idealism—which Americans of a later generation were not disinclined to sentimentalize—were as remote from her understanding and sympathies as the emotions of the Redskins themselves. Hot plates and cold plates; a suitable number and assortment of servants; well-kept gardens; dinners, teas, and so on, of the kind and at the times to which really civilized human beings were accustomed—these, and kindred details, all set in their predestined place in the social ritual, were what was vital to the polished and sprightly Mrs. Hall.

Her husband, an enthusiastic amateur with the *camera lucida*, and with a curious flair for penitentiaries, took her and their baby daughter, Eliza, on a tour which comparatively few Americans themselves would have ventured to undertake. They visited not only New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington—where they met everybody of consequence—but proceeded, by stage and river-steamer, clear round the circle, through Southern plantations, New Orleans, and the frontier villages of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and back by way of Pittsburgh, to Philadelphia again. And throughout this formidable journey—the rough equivalent of a pilgrimage today through the towns and villages of Soviet Russia and Siberia—Mrs. Hall wrote long and chatty letters home to her sister Jane.

Her artless and often waspish comments, read in a day in which pretty much everything "early American" has had time to acquire a becoming tone of time, are amusing and rather terrifying. In general, she found people and things pretty awful, and was glad enough when she and her husband (little Eliza seems to have had the time of her young life, even when there was no milk to be had and the poor infant had to live on tea, instead!) could shake the dust (not to mention the bugs!) from their clothes, and get back to England and well-trained servants, suitably garbed in "gay white, blue, red, and yellow liveries."

People shovelled peas into their mouths with their knives. Men spat commonly and promiscuously—once, as Mrs. Hall was ascending the stairway to the ballroom, her cavalier cleared his throat ominously, and fired crosswise in the general direction of the sidewall or carpet—"I had not the courage to examine whether or not the result landed in the flounce of my dress!" At even formal dinners, food was heaped on the tables any old way, and once a hostess, finding that she had served an unwished-for desert, dumped it back into its serving dish and ladeled out another on to the same plate! And so on.

It is amusing to see how, even then, the personalities of our larger cities were beginning to emerge. New York was busy, rather flamboyant, and showy, its women handsome, but overdressed. Only in and about Boston, and to a lesser degree in Philadelphia, did Mrs. Hall encounter examples of the truly civilized. She liked the narrow, old-fashioned streets of New Orleans and a certain Latin gaiety in its atmosphere. Some of her glimpses of slavery and the treatment of slaves shed a somewhat acid light on the moonlight-and-magnolias tradition.

The Halls met President John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, De Witt Clinton, William Astor, Prescott, Bancroft, Gilbert Stuart, and, indeed, pretty much everybody. Of William Astor's father, John Jacob, she says, "he is a good, honest, plain sort of man himself, totally free of the affectation of pretending to be a gentleman, but he has had sense enough to do his utmost in order to make his son so, and so far as I can judge on short acquaintance, he has succeeded, for he is in appearance and first manner very gentleman-like."

The comment is characteristic. Mrs. Hall never looked deeply, but she saw a lot in her own way, and her letters make amusing and doubtless wholesome reading for the present generation.

Extraordinary Man

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By PERCY WAXMAN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by BLAIR NILES

THE year 1803. Toussaint Louverture, ex-negro slave, the George Washington of Haiti—his native country, the Abraham Lincoln of his people; imprisoned by Napoleon in the lonely fortress of Joux, four miles from the Franco-Swiss border at the entrance to a narrow pass in the Jura Mountains; imprisoned and dying of cold and privation and a broken heart.

The year 1931. And Percy Waxman, editor of an American woman's magazine which counts its readers in the millions, turning away from the glitter and tumult of New York life, to write a biography of this aged negro hero whom Napoleon "allowed to die," in the Fort de Joux more than a hundred and twenty-seven years ago.

Could Toussaint have looked forward into the future from the despair of his cell how amazed he would have been to see that his name and his fame persist!

In the years between 1803 and 1931 much has been written of Toussaint Louverture. In his "Prelude" to "The Black Napoleon" Mr. Waxman cites some of the encomiums which have been bestowed upon this negro slave whom Norvins called a "man of genius"; about whom Wordsworth wrote a sonnet, Whittier a long poem, Harriet Martineau a novel, Lamartine a poetical drama, Wendell Phillips a discourse, in which he prophesied that "fifty years hence when truth gets a hearing the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France; choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization and John Brown as the ripe fruit of our noonday; then dipping her pen in the sunlight will write in the clear blue above them all the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint Louverture."

More than the fifty years prophesied by Wendell Phillips have passed. The "muse of history" has not done quite all that Phillips expected of her. But at least the name of Toussaint Louverture does not perish from the earth. His place among the great is assured.

Notwithstanding all this, Toussaint's biography still needed doing. It was necessary to assemble what is known, and to separate that which is authentic from that which is legendary. This Mr. Waxman has done most effectively.

In his brief "Prelude" he brings together the tributes which have crowned the man. He then outlines the era of Columbus in Haiti; he dramatically condenses the throat-cutting, thieving, buccaneer days, over which, as he says, "that incorrigible romanticist, Time, has attempted to throw a golden haze."

Among Mr. Waxman's preliminary chapters are vivid accounts of early days in the colony, of the life of the whites in Haiti, and of the slaves brought over from Africa.

All this is briefly drawn, as the background against which Toussaint Louverture is to act out the drama of his life. On page 53 of the book, about the year 1743, Toussaint is born on a plantation a short distance from Cape Haiti. And the remaining chapters carry him dramatically through the years of slavery, the years of revolution, of victory, of statesmanship, to the final betrayal, the exile and imprisonment in the fortress of Joux; and at last the death, alone, separated from all who were dear to him.

Blood, torture, heroism, and martyrdom played a part in this man's life.

Mr. Waxman has made live again in his pages the whole extraordinary story of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever known. And he has done this without ever in the smallest detail sacrificing truth. His book is all the more thrilling because of its sincerity.

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The Bowling Green

The Red and White Girdle

III. FOREIGN AFFAIRS

COMME ça te ferait une belle cravate . . . as she said this, the anticipative bailiff was intent on an embrace, and she slipped the silk noose round his neck. Eyraud, alert behind the curtain, heard the little click of the swivel and hauled on the rope for all he was worth. That metallic snap, the creak of the hemp, the clatter of the falling chair as Eyraud sprang to his feet, were the last things poor Gouffé heard on this earth. The looped girdle, the hook, the pulley, all worked perfectly.

Eyraud had not foreseen anything on which to belay his murderous halliard. He began to fasten it to the leg of the bed, but it slipped, the body came down heavily. They listened terrified for sounds of alarm. All was quiet. The heavy body did not stir. They began to go through Gouffé's pockets. Then, to Gabrielle's horror, those staring eyes seemed to move. "Achève-le!" she whispered. ("Finish him.") And, as Eyraud remarked calmly afterward, "Nous l'avons repondu." ("We hung him again.")

I do not linger on this episode, of which Bataille gives some uncomely details. In the bailiff's clothes they found only a bunch of keys and 150 francs—just enough to pay for the advance rent on the apartment. Eyraud took the keys and rushed wildly off to Gouffé's office. Even to his muddy brain the brutish senselessness of the tragedy must have become apparent. While rummaging Gouffé's desk by the light of burning matches, he heard the concierge coming and fled out again without attempting the safe. Back at the apartment he guzzled some cognac. Then they cut off the victim's clothes with a pair of scissors and slid him into the sack. Mr. A. P. Herbert in his admirable tale *The House by the River* has pointed out that puttting a dead body into a sack is not as easy as it sounds. But apparently with his pulley arrangement Eyraud managed it efficiently. Gabrielle's comment on her companion's skill is worth record. "Like putting on a glove. You'd have thought he'd been doing nothing else all his life." They doubled the body into the trunk. Eyraud went to a hotel and "slept like lead." Gabrielle, not less hardy, slept with the trunk at the foot of the bed.

* * *

The clear air of Vancouver gives us a pleasant change from the sultry topic of the corpse in the trunk. The topography of that beautiful city I know only by a postcard once sent me, on which I note a comfortable looking old-fashioned building called the Hotel Angelus. Did it exist in 1889? My postcard photograph shows only the rear of the house, but I can see some sunny bedrooms with lace curtains neatly looped back in the windows. Perhaps it was there that Eyraud and Gabrielle halted after their long journey. At any rate, they stopped somewhere in Vancouver, and registered as M. Vanaert and his daughter Bertha.

At that moment there was in Vancouver a travelling Frenchman—"voyageur un peu naif" Bataille calls him—who had lately returned from the French colonies in Tonkin. We may assume that he was a little homesick for Paris. He met these other compatriots, perhaps in the lounge of the Angelus, and was particularly attracted by the spirited Mlle Vanaert. The Vanaerts found this M. Garanger a man of unusual interest. He held some official commission from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and also appeared to have private resources; he had a prosperous bearing. In fact, says Bataille, he looked more like a vermouth salesman than a diplomatic agent. This is our chance to know what a vermouth salesman looks like. Bataille's description mentions a stocky build, thick neck and shoulders, and a jovial manner; a sanguine complexion and a neatly pointed red beard. The three got along together excellently, and I presume that the Vanaerts tactfully concealed the fact that they were economizing by using only one room.

Perhaps it was the resemblance to a vermouth salesman that attracted M. Vanaert, the former distiller. For the acquaintance thus begun in Vancouver ripened into ideas of a business partnership. M. Garanger, more and more enchanted by the vivacious Bertha, began to think seriously of her sire's proposals that they should set up in the cognac trade, which Vanaert evidently knew to the dregs. California was a land of grapes; why should not Garanger and Vanaert become the Hennessies of the Golden West? M. Vanaert had noticed already at many bars that the Western taste in liquors needed education. The name *Garanger and Vanaert* would look well on a label; why should not a native brandy, distilled with French art from the wines of California, be a lucrative traffic among Native Sons? It occurred to Garanger, as Bertha smiled upon his tales of Tonkin, that even if the price of her better acquaintance was financing the father, might it not be worth while? In her enigmatic hazel-green eyes, in her mischievous Parisian argot, he found something from which he had been long and far separated, and for which there was no substitute among the semi-Chinese of Tonkin. As he sat writing his reports for the Foreign Ministry the image of Bertha began to rise between him and the page.

* * *

We find the trio reunited in San Francisco a little later; perhaps M. Garanger went there on his Foreign Affairs business, or perhaps he fled there in a last impulse of caution; anyway the Vanaerts followed. By this time Eyraud had chosen the sanguine diplomatist as the most available meal-ticket. And in Gabrielle's quick mind schemes of her own were crystallizing. Eyraud was not only brutal and violent; that she might have condoned, even though he had once gagged her and threatened chloroform; but he was degenerating into a seedy swindler, even trailed in the street by a San Francisco trull who said he owed her $10.

It is interesting to consider that they arrived in San Francisco just about the same time as a more famous traveller, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In *From Sea to Sea* Kipling described the lobby of the famous Palace Hotel in 1889: "In a vast marble-paved hall under the glare of an electric light sat forty or fifty men; and for their use and amusement were provided spittoons of infinite capacity and generous gape." I like to imagine that in that same hall the desiderating distiller, steering his red-bearded diplomat to the bar and looking warily about for possible game to cozen, may have passed a small young man with spectacles and heavy eyebrows and concluded that he looked too shrewd. Among the many stories then moving in the Anglo-Indian reporter's mind there can hardly have been one more curious than the odyssey of these expatriated French. Their favorite parlor game was putting Gabrielle into a trance by hypnotic gestures. She was so apt a subject that even Garanger could do it. This gave the diplomat a rare sense of spiritual power. Whether all her trances were genuine, or whether she pretended to succumb to Garanger as a wily mode of stimulating his ardor, is a fair choice of guesses. With pleasure I visualize the man of Foreign Affairs, his ruddy face blanched a little with excitement, the red beard sparkling, as he contemplated his psychic prowess—and the appealing relaxation of our lithe gamine in the posture of swoon. So he was enmeshed in affairs even more Foreign than the republic had sent him to consider in Tonkin.

Vanaert *père* was down to small change when he cajoled a thousand dollars from Garanger as the first instalment of capital to establish the cognac business. Five thousand more would be necessary, he estimated, to make a go of it, but with the thousand he could pick up valuable second-hand equipment. But it was not among Bertha Vanaert's notions to stand by while Papa completed the plunder. It is easy to imagine the scene in which she appealed to the chivalry of the genial diplomat. "I'm so terrified of Papa, he is cruel, he beats me. Sometimes I fear he is not even honest. I'm distracted, what can I do, so far from home? Oh, forgive me, but I have no one to confide in. . . ."

"Poor littlest," cries the man of Foreign Affairs. "Fly with me, darling Bertha."

She did; she did indeed. They skipped, and the hopeful parent, returning from a bicker for boilers and vats and the other vessels necessary for a California Hennessy, found them gone. M. Garanger and Bertha, very happy together, retraced the lonely route across Canada in the cold snows and warm hearts of the Christmas season. And I know of no prettier episode in fact or fancy than that they broke the journey for a sentimental visit to Niagara Falls. That took the place of a marriage ceremony. The frustrated distiller spent an angry Yule at the free lunch counters.

Bertha had a superb sense of drama. Her dangerous secret may have approached the tip of her tongue in the thrilling moment when they stood watching the frozen masses of Niagara; or when her patron bought her a warm overcoat for the steamer voyage; but she had the sense to hold it back until the perfect moment. She knew well, no one better, that she had no permanent stake in the diplomatic service. They reached Paris on January 22. She went out to a newsdealer and bought a file of back numbers of the *Petit Journal* containing the story of the murder of Gouffé. Garanger, not as young as he had been, liked to take his morning coffee abed. ("He had once been a stout fellow, but his peregrinations across the world had prematurely fatigued him" is Bataille's pleasant phrase.) As he luxuriated in the sense of being in Paris at last, and sat up for coffee and the morning news, Bertha sprang her mine. She handed him a pile of the *Petit Journal*. "Read those," she said. "I am Gabrielle Bompard."

He refused to believe it. "Mais tu es toquée," he exclaimed; "you're cracked." To which she announced, as she put on the new coat and the little fur cap, "I'm on my way to the Prefect of Police to confess."

Poor Garanger! I find him the most agreeable person in the story. Very likely, in the long and tiresome researches into the commerce and politics of Tonkin, he had nourished some secret hope of promotion; of even being some day Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères. Now, after so many adventures and a pleasant voyage, he came gaily back to Paris to make his report. He would keep his petite maitresse discreetly in the background, and be complimented for his workmanlike study of the rice yield. He sees himself plunged neck and crop into a front-page scandal. He has been gulled and ruined. He will remain forever a minister without portfolio. We leave him there in bed in some obscure Paris hotel, the coffee overturned, copies of the *Petit Journal* all round him, the red beard bristling.

* * *

The psychologist must ask, why did Gabrielle confess? Apparently all traces of the crime were covered. It was certainly not any remorse or tenderness of conscience. I think she was genuinely terrified by Eyraud's moods of insane violence, and realized that life with him was bound to result in eventual disaster. By getting back to Paris first, and putting her story on record, she might make it appear that she had been only an unwilling witness, not a participant. Such is Bataille's surmise; but he insists that she was equally guilty in the sordid crime.

Eyraud's behavior, when Gabrielle escaped with Garanger, leads us to the necessary conclusion that he really loved his gamine. If he had swallowed chagrin and kept quiet he might well have remained undiscovered. But his conduct was that of a man crazed with rage. He pursued the pair across the continent and hunted for them wildly in Montreal and New York. A curious detail which Bataille adds is that to avert suspicion from himself in these cities, Eyraud wore a Turkish costume which he had stolen. My own interest in the narrative was first aroused by the fact that in the spring of 1890—a year in which I feel a personal interest—the miserable desperado was hanging about Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, watching the passengers for a glimpse of the vanished Gabrielle. Surely, among the earnest young pioneers of Bryn Mawr then commuting into that famous terminal, there cannot have been many who might be mistaken for her.

When he learned that Gabrielle had reached France and confessed, Eyraud wrote wild denunciations of her to the Paris police. He made his way to Havana, where he even had the effrontery to write a newspaper article on the Gouffé murder, pretending, as an amateur detective, to have solved the crime. But he had tempted his luck too far. He was recognized, at the door of a bawdy house, by one of his former employees in the Sèvres cognac business. He was arrested. He tried to commit suicide by opening his veins with the broken lenses of a pair of spectacles, but by the end of June 1890 he was behind bars in Paris.

(*To be concluded*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Complaints are made on all sides," says the London *Observer*, "that nowhere else in the world is the writer so restricted in his scope as in Germany. Political as well as regional limitations fetter him on all sides. A Nationalist author is not read by a Republican. Socialists ignore Communist writers. Munich refuses to consider Berlin. The following of the un-literary Vicki Daum is to be found in the provinces. There are young literati whom all Berlin knows and every other city professes to ignore."

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Books of Special Interest

The Record of a Cruise

FROM GREAT DIPPER TO SOUTHERN CROSS. By EDWARD H. DODD, JR. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930.

Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL

IN the summer of 1928, six young men, just graduated from Yale, acquired a Grand Banks fishing schooner, the *Chance*, and set out from New London, Connecticut, for an indeterminate destination. They themselves sailed the *Chance*, the only additional members of the party being a navigator and a cook. Their voyage took them first to Bermuda, then to Kingston, Jamaica, and on to Panama, where they spent some weeks refitting, preparatory to a long voyage in the Pacific. From Panama they went to the Galapagos Islands,, and from there across three thousand miles of empty sea to the Marquesas. Then they went to Tahiti, via the Low Archipelago. After two months of cruising in the Society Group they proceeded to Samoa, the Fijis, and New Caledonia, and in June, 1929, they arrived at Sydney, Australia, where the *Chance* was sold and all but one of the party returned home. "From Great Dipper to Southern Cross" is a record of the cruise written by one of their number.

It is hardly necessary to say that narratives of yachting cruises have been written before, and one opens the new ones that come along not, to be sure, with reluctance, but, of equal certainty, not with great enthusiasm. One knows so well what to expect: the obligatory opening chapter with its account of the search for, purchase, and outfitting of the vessel, the delayed departure, the first landfall, etc. Then follow the customary chapters which tell of succeeding landfalls and departures, of excursions ashore, of life at sea and the routine of working the ship, of the inevitable engine troubles, and the like.

A blight seems to settle upon yachtsmen when they sit down to relate their experiences. Perhaps the reason is that their experiences are not very interesting or memorable except to themselves. They are necessarily birds of passage, and their stops at various ports are so brief that their explorations ashore are usually made under the somewhat dreary guidance of officials: consuls, resident agents, and the like. This latter is the fatal drawback to seeing the world from the deck of a yacht. At sea you are all right, but once ashore comes officialdom to sit astride yachtmen's shoulders until they leave again. The only voyager I know who has effectively eluded this incubus, this Old Man of the Seaports, was Gerbault, the Frenchman who sailed alone around the world. He scandalized island officials by dressing like a beachcomber and acting like one and so kept them at a distance except in their official capacities.

But in my sympathy for yachtsmen in general I seem to be forgetting the particular yachtsmen of the *Chance*. They love her too well ever to let her appear in an unfavorable light. They kept her groomed and shining. She amply justified their pride in her and fully repaid them for their faithful and loving care. During the course of a twelve thousand mile voyage she never once let them down. Engine trouble there was, but the *Chance* was not responsible for that. At Sydney they sold her, and one can imagine with what reluctance they parted from the ship that had carried them so far and had been their home for so long.

I am afraid that I have been unjust in reproaching Mr. Dodd for not having written a wholly fresh and original narrative of a yachting cruise. Such an achievement would be all but impossible, and yet one is always hoping that some one, some day will step aside from traditional methods, upset all precedents, and make the story of a voyage in a yacht come alive in some new way. If ever it is done, it will be by the manner of telling it, I believe, rather than because of the matter told. Meanwhile, despite what I have said, amateur yachtsmen who propose to make voyages similar to that of the *Chance* would do well to read this book. It contains much valuable information, not the least interesting item being that these six men enjoyed a year of delightful cruising at an average cost of $2,000 per man, which included all food and supplies as well as docking and repairs to the vessel.

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Four Plays

HONEY HOLLER. A Play in Three Acts. By KEITH MACKAYE. With an Introduction by OLIVER M. SAYLER. Woodcuts by the Author. New York: Brentano. 1930. $2.

HAMILTON. A Poetic Drama in Three Acts. By CHARD POWERS SMITH. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

JUNE MOON. A Comedy. In a Prologue and Three Acts. By RING LARDNER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.

ADAM THE CREATOR. A Comedy in Six Scenes and an Epilogue. By KAREL and JOSEF CAPEK. Translated by DORA ROUND. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

"HONEY HOLLER" has a twofold significance. On the one hand, as the first play of Keith MacKaye, son of Percy MacKaye and grandson of Steele MacKaye, it marks the advent of the third generation of the MacKayes into American drama. Truly an amazing MacKaye family! On the other hand it signifies a new American playright of rare promise. Mr. MacKaye's first play is fascinating and provocative—a highly imaginative poetic drama told in terms of *genre* realism. Its central character, the Leather Man, is as original and striking a figure as our drama affords, a Rip Van Winkle with a touch of mysticism, a Peer Gynt of the Connecticut hills, woven of fact, fable, and symbolism.

To evaluate "Honey Holler" wholly in this Leather Man, however, as Mr. Sayler does in his introduction, is to ignore the wide sweep of the play's conception, and, moreover, to find this character baffling. From its *genre* elements "Honey Holler" wings away into universal parable—a parable of fluxion, of the ceaseless onflowing of life through nature and man. Enmeshed in an improbable and unconvincing story from the standpoint of realism, the Leather Man yet comes alive, a human being of passion, of romance, of humor, of visions and dreams. And in building up this remarkable character in its balance between mysticism and realism, Mr. MacKaye makes an interesting use of the Indian element in his locale.

A first play also is "Hamilton," by Chard Powers Smith, a young poet who has published two volumes of verse of a rather delicate lyricism. In his foreword to this play he states: "The one quality we may be assured he (Hamilton) possessed was a passionate political idealism. This play attemps to present the progress of that idealism, and its fatal effect upon his private life." But what do we find? Not a play building coherently from subjective form, but a rambling succession of scenes held together only by the fact that Hamilton appears in all of them, or nearly all—scenes crowded with historical figures, Burr, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Greene, Morris, and many, many others. The action, such as there is, flutters around the love of Hamilton for a Mrs. Croix, without depth of passion to give it dignity and beauty. Only in the scenes between Hamilton and his little daughter Angelica does Mr. Smith touch the borders of either poetry or drama. But one or two good scenes will not make a play. Nor does the style redeem the faults of construction. Written partly in prose, and partly in blank verse, both are equally wingless and pedestrian.

It is a far cry from the Americanism of the Hamilton period to the Americanism of Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. A rollicking lampoon on song writers and their various ills and ill doings in Tin Pan Alley, "June Moon" reads as divertingly as it played to crowded houses last season, and is now playing on tour. There is a delicious Ring Lardner foreword for which, after the manner of the mystery play producer, the publishers request silence as to "what it's about." Then there are racy scene descriptions, sometimes taking us intimately into the confidence of the collaborators, or else as a running comment on the characters, are satire within satire. Made after the well-tested recipe for the successful Broadway play, "June Moon" has a simple, and to the simple, an appealing love story, but the romance counts very little. What counts are the wit, the humor, and the startling verisimilitude.

"In Adam the Creator" Karel and Josef Capek again collaborate as in "The Insect World"; but it is Karel, author alone of "R. U. R." and "The Makropoulos Secret," who is the dramatist. And since Karel of late has turned to the novel as a form of expression freer than the play for his social visions, writing "Krakatit" and "The Absolute at Large," it is not surprising to find that it is precisely the novel form that has loosed the dramatic joints of this new play. Nor is it surprising that here is the same theme as in these novels, with their Wellsean Czechism. Here is again the sweep of a vast "Slavic No." The world is all wrong and must be destroyed. So Adam invents the Cannon of Negation, and at an appointed hour the universe is blown to nothingness, all except Adam himself, the clay under his feet, and God. From this clay God commands Adam to create a new world. What Adam creates, however, is merely the same world of today, hence the opportunity for satire—satire directed against war, governments, a mechanized age, mass production, social schemes to "save the world," supermen, the new woman, in fine, all modern civilization.

With nothing solved, then, but everything brilliantly satirized, always entertaining, but never profound, this new play again evidences the Capek ingenuity of invention and daring of attack. As a play it wanders in prolixity of dialogue, lacking the coherence that made the other plays so effective in the theatre. Moreover, it leaves one cold. Its fantasy glitters as a winter moon.

Gibbs and Gardiner

KING'S FAVORITE. By PHILIP GIBBS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID HARRIS WILLSON

THE story of Sir Robert Carr and Lady Frances Essex is one which might well attract the attention of a journalist or novel writer who would turn historian. For it is a tale of dark intrigue and ghastly deeds, of guilty love and terrible retribution. It is without doubt the most lurid court scandal of the seventeenth century before the Restoration. The leading facts are well known. Sir Robert Carr, the rising favorite of James I, became infatuated with Lady Frances, the beautiful daughter of the Howards and the wife of the Earl of Essex. Lady Frances hated her dull husband and finally obtained a divorce through her shameless protestations that he was physically incapable of marriage. During these proceedings it was found necessary to keep one witness quiet, Sir Thomas Overbury, the secretary of Carr, and for this purpose the wretched man was committed to the Tower, where he was very shortly poisoned by the agents of Lady Frances and perhaps of Carr as well. Carr and Lady Frances were then married and seemed to have reached the pinnacle of fortune. But three years later the truth leaked out. The favorite and his wife were tried, found guilty, and, though saved from death by the easy clemency of the Crown, were banished from the court to a life of wretchedness in the country. "Shakespeare himself," says the author in his preface, "would have found this a theme almost worthy of his genius." But could not the tabloids do it even better?

Sir Philip Gibbs asserts that he is writing "honest history," and there are many things about his book which seem to substantiate his claim. The main facts of his story are correct. His mistakes are minor ones, such as referring to the Session of 1610 as a new Parliament or calling the Earl of Salisbury an old man though he was but forty-eight at the time of his death. These small errors, however, cannot be said to vitiate the book as a whole. Moreover, there are numerous footnotes containing references to the sources of the period. It is obvious that the author has done considerable reading and that he has read intelligently, though perhaps trusting a bit too much to the scandal-mongers of the time. His picture of the court is black but not too black; for it was indeed an evil time in the history of the court and "the fairies had left England."

A closer examination of this book, however, reveals graver faults. The references are frequently so vague as to be quite worthless. One note refers the reader to the "Domestic State Papers" and another to a "Manuscript Report." But the "Domestic State Papers" cover no end of ground, as everybody knows, and as for manuscripts they exist in such quantities that even the owners do not know what they contain. Moreover it is obvious that in Chapters XI and XII of his book, Sir Philip Gibbs is much more dependent on the work of the historian S. R. Gardiner than he acknowledges. Numerous sentences are mere paraphrases of Gardiner's great "History." For example, Sir Philip thus describes the speech of King James to Parliament on April 5, 1614:

"He would not," he said, "bargain with them for money. He would see what they would do in their love. He had given them a proof of his affection by turning to them rather than relying on his own prerogative. He desired, how-

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ever, to clear himself upon one point. He had heard an evil rumor that he had relied upon some private undertakers who with their own credit and industry would do great matters. This was false. He would rather have the love of his subjects than their money."

In Gardiner's "History of England," I find the following:

He would not bargain with them for their money. He would see what they would do in their love. He had shown them that he relied upon their affection, by having recourse to them rather than to his own prerogative. He must, however, clear himself on one point: it had been rumored that he relied upon some private undertakers, "who, with their own credit and industry, would do great matters." This he declared to be false: he would rather have the love of his subjects than their money.

The words in quotation marks in the first of these passages do not tally with any contemporary account of the King's speech which I can discover. They are the words of Gardiner, used without acknowledgement. Compare also the following description of the anger of James with his Parliament in 1610 (Gibbs, 74, which cites no authority):

He protested angrily that he would have no "asinine patience" with them, and that he would not accept the largest subsidy from the Commons if they "were to sauce it with such taunts and disgraces as had been uttered of him and those that appertained to him." He ordered the Speaker to dissolve the House, and it was only Salisbury, Pembroke, and the saner members of the Council who kept him from committing some of the members to the Tower.

with this (Gardiner, II, 109):

He said that he could not have "asinine patience," and that he would not accept the largest supply which it was in the power of the Commons to grant, if they "were to sauce it with such taunts and disgraces as" had "been uttered of him and those that" appertained "to him." He accordingly ordered the Speaker to adjourn the House. It was with difficulty that his wiser counsellors prevented him from committing some of the members to the Tower.

Sir Philip Gibbs calls Overbury the "ghost" of Carr because Overbury composed many of the favorite's letters for him. But does not Sir Philip have a "ghost" also?

The Life of Cavour

THE POLITICAL LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR, 1848-1861. By A. J. WHYTE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN

IF more clergymen wrote history how differently the story of civilization might read! Five years have passed since Mr. Whyte's "Early Life and Letters of Cavour" was published. It was worth waiting five years for the sequel. During the intervening time much new material and many new conclusions have come to light. There is the "Carteggio Minghetti-Pasolini" (disappointing), the invaluable Cavour-Nigra correspondence ("CCN"), four volumes of which have been edited and published by the Italian Royal Commission, the three-volume work of Matter, "Cavour et l'Unité Italienne" (excellent), and an English translation of Paléologue's "Cavour." The accessibility of these materials, together with monographs, the availability of unpublished sources such as the Clarendon and Russell papers and the Foreign Office papers, has placed the author in position to pronounce several hitherto unsaid words on his subject. Mr. Whyte lists an excellent bibliography of seventy-one works among which he places chief reliance upon the "CCN" and collections edited by Bert, Bolléa, Bianchi, and Chiala.

And what of the author during the intervening years? His style and manner have improved considerably. A touch of "character" is still evident, however, as when he says, "the political moralist can always find materials for a case against (Cavour)." But Mr. Whyte is less the political moralist than the political historian; and in this age of economic specifications for historical composition he does well enough in recalling that much of Cavour's success as an economic reformer was due to the fact that even when dealing with his private agents in regard to the sale or purchase of corn, "his decision would always be based, not only on the condition of the European markets at the moment, but often on the probable influence of political events." After the above prosaic statement it may be an anachronism to say that in this volume the author's sentences not only march but sing, harmoniously and with restraint; yet most of them do.

Mr. Whyte's two volumes, it seems to us, represent the best work on the subject; politically, they are far superior to the works of Thayer and Matter.

(*Continued on page 734*)

Ways of life among our primitive neighbors . . .

Deep in the jungles of Guiana, inland from Devil's Island, live the Djukas, independent blacks who escaped from slavery 200 years ago. They have built up a culture drawn from African survivals, from their white and Indian neighbors, and from direct adaptation to nature. The story of their daily life—their ceremonials, sex customs, fighting, art work, their "talkee-talkee" and "deepee-talkee"—is recorded in this beautiful volume, an original contribution to the science and lore of life.

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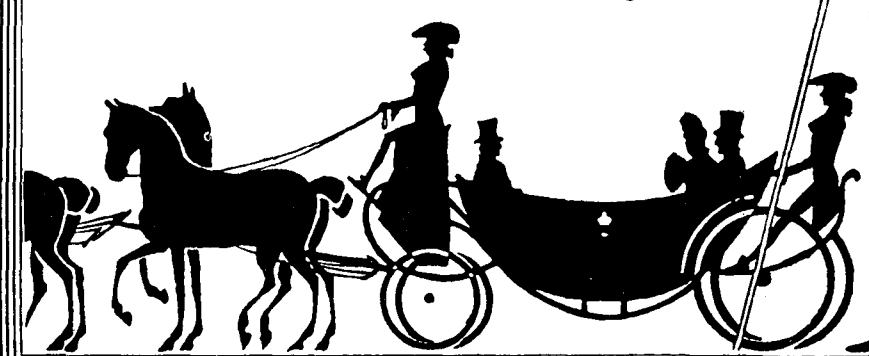

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is thirteen years since the publication of Max Eastman's first book of poetry and now comes *Kinds of Love* from Scribner's. Most of the poems in it have been written since 1918, but a number have also been retained from earlier books. Mr. Eastman was never one of our most powerful poets, but he has led an active, radical, modern life. From the days of the old *Masses*, from before the fight for woman suffrage, from the days prior to the war when there was plenty of industrial conflict to write about in West Virginia and Colorado, Max Eastman was in the midst of things. Since the war he has spent a good deal of time abroad. He was always a lecturer who won the respect of his audiences. He produced one interesting esthetic book on the "Enjoyment of Poetry." His academic side was not stale. And yet as a creative writer he never made a very deep impression upon his time. For Max Eastman's happiest faculty seemed to reside in his ability to teach, not in the more detached occupation of the artist.

Several poems in this present volume testify against the above prepossession which we retained concerning Max Eastman. The most urgent testimony is given by "Swamp Maple," one of the longest poems, if not the longest, in the book. It describes two love affairs, presenting to an individual protagonist the whole problem of faithfulness in love. Created in an atmosphere of Eden, the significance of the poem is yet intensely modern. Its beauty is sensuous in the extreme, beauty of a genuine and glowing kind. The phrasing is fresh; the movement of the poem truly lyrical. It is carefully wrought. There is also a shorter poem, "The Virgin," that seems to us quite remarkable in its psychological implications; and there is stabbing, highly original description in "The Sing Sing Alarm." These three poems demonstrate in the work of Mr. Eastman a craftsmanship that has steadily improved and strengthened; for "Swamp Maple" bears the date of 1930 and is easily the purest poetry he has written. If judged only by these three poems Eastman should rank high among the poets of his day. While his translations, that make one section of the book, are accomplished, while some of his sonnets and songs have salience, while here and there an individual earlier poem, like the well-known "At the Aquarium," arrests the attention—it is the later work that more urgently claims our notice. In general it is work traditional in form that yet has its own individual language. "The Swallow" is an unusually beautiful love poem. The following sonnet is not only a distinguished poetic utterance but probingly intelligent criticism as well.

MODERNIST POETRY

Meaning, nature, has shed this glistening skin—
Shrill shell of colors crying in the light
For root or foot or body, boldly bright
Yet silvery diaphanous and thin.
The stark equation, the quick theorem,
The mind's electric, naked of shape or place,
These are the faith, the future, of our race;
No dye will hold, no tune inhere in them.
Is then the thinking singer ceased and gone?
Is all fair color lost from thoughtfulness?
Shall not some Goethe of a greater dawn
Pick up this early bright cast coat of song
And wear it strongly though his thought is strong,
Confusing not the doing with the dress?

Kinds of Love is, naturally, an uneven book. There are poems in it that make no particular impression. But it is enough that some half-dozen times in the course of a reading, lines leap forth that are full of ardor and power. When we read the first poem, "With the Grass in the Wind," though appreciating its flexibility and the sincerity of its statement, we were quite unmoved. To our mind it is an illustration of fluency without the intensity we demand of the best. That is often true of Mr. Eastman's work. But we have indicated that he can also write on a much higher level.

Dreamers on Horseback is another collected volume, by Karle Wilson Baker, a Southern woman who has published several volumes of poems and has frequently contributed to magazines. Her title is taken from a section of ballads concerning Texas and does not properly indicate the nature of most of her work, of which the titles of earlier volumes, *Blue Smoke*, and *Burning Bush*, are more descriptive. It was the latter volume, published in 1922, that contained several of her most delicately attractive poems, such as "Soft Rain" and "The Mirrored Bird." There is a pretty-prettiness about some of Mrs. Baker's work that seems a pity, for she can write such a sestet as this concerning the City of the Alamo:

Yet this is but the scabbard for her sword,
The filagreed setting for her sombre, red
One jewel. Leave the Plaza in the sun,
Wayfarer: bare your forehead, speak no word—
Here Bowie sleeps upon his bloody bed,
Travis, across the carriage of his gun.

But mostly it seems that Mrs. Bakers' intention is that which she describes in "Design,"

I build a bubble out of bronze:
Quarry a dewdrop from the rock—
A sphered fragility to hang
And shine above the thunder-shock.

And such lines demonstrate both her strength and her weakness. Felicitous phrases are not alien to her work, but too often it seems inclined to mere filagree. The Southwest Press of Dallas, Texas, published this volume.

Gertrude Atherton introduces Dorothe Bendon in *Mirror Images* (Horace Liveright), Miss Bendon's initial book of verse. Still in her twenties, a young lady born in Montana and educated in California, Miss Bendon, having won a number of prizes for earlier efforts, left Mills College after a year or two to travel abroad, and then sent back her first selection of poems for publication. There is certainly, in this tentative beginning, a decided flavor of originality, the bare outline as yet of a new personality. The talent has not yet found itself, but indubitable talent is there of an elusive and delicate kind; a sensitive, seeking intelligence learning the ways of language and experimenting with phrase. "They'd Rail at Seeing Me" is characteristic and personal.

They'd rail at seeing me go velvet dressed
To bed, and shining to my finger tips,
That was so glum and lean. Who would have guessed
I'd batten up with paint upon my lips?
It's not so much that velvet is a quaint
Material for one like me to wear.
And not that I should ever eat the paint,
But that I carry spectres like a spear.
When the old women go to say their prayers
And pull their white nightgowns about their feet
And rub their hands upon their scapulars,
I lay me sparsely out beneath the sheet
Upon a shelf of shadows where I catch
Me up in red and purple like a match.

Mr. Edward A. Cleland has brought to our attention the *Poems* of Abe Craddock Edmunds published by the Little Bookshop of Lynchburg, Virginia. Mr. Cleland, editor of *The Southerner*, a magazine printed in that city, feels that genius lurks in the work of this young American. We regret that we cannot find the superlative merit that he does in Mr. Edmunds's poems, though we had already, ere this, familiarized ourself with the work. Mr. Edmunds seems to us to strike out interesting fragmentary utterances, showing evidence of a mind that does its own individual thinking. But as yet his poems appear to be mere hints of what he may perhaps accomplish in the future. However, he has also won the praise of no less a poet than William Ellery Leonard, which is something to boast of. We wish him all success upon his way. Fanny Heaslip Lea is a veteran short-story writer and versifier, and her book, *Take Back the Heart*, was published on St. Valentine's day and got up by the publishers rather like a Valentine. This was a great mistake. Miss Lea's book deserved a more dignified dress. She is a singer of light songs to a steel guitar, a versifier with rather more salt to her work than the average. Occasionally she reminds a bit of Dorothy Parker, as in "Bon Voyage."

There will be those who wish you well,
Flowers, perhaps, will say it.
Passion like mine is hard to spell—
Orchids could not convey it.

I have a subtler way than this,
Mine is a scent that lingers.
Dear, as you sail, I blow a kiss—
From the tips of my ten burnt fingers.

Books of Special Interest

(*Continued from page 733*)

Biography of an Editor

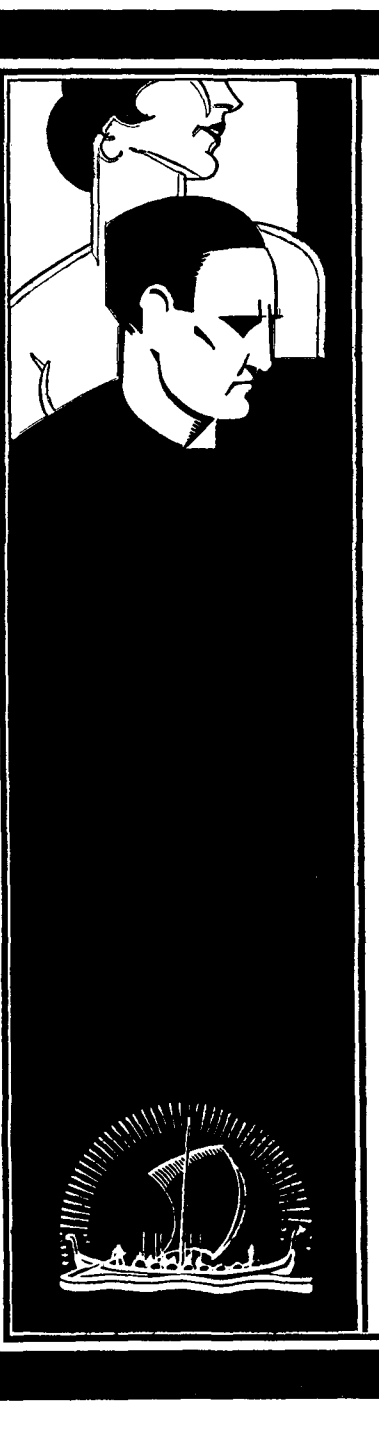
MR. MILLER OF *THE TIMES*. The Story of an Editor. By F. FRASER BOND. Scribner's. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

CHARLES R. MILLER was a considerable figure in the journalism of his generation, though as a personality he was less widely known than editors of other newspapers. His connection with the New York *Times* lasted from 1872 until his death in 1921; he became editor after a comparatively brief service on the news staff while the *Times* was still in the days of its first great prestige. Then, purchasing, with a few associates, control of the newspaper from the Jones estate in 1893, Mr. Miller was editor and president of the company. The property was but a shell, and the aftermath of the panic of 1893 brought, in 1896, what seemed to be the inevitable end. But Adolph S. Ochs appeared to take the reins as publisher and to lead the newspaper into the most successful and sustained journalistic achievement of his time. Mr. Miller remained as editor; as the biographer remarks, he "did not begin to reach the heights and utilize to the full his rare abilities until he received the encouragement and the freedom which the new day in the *Times* office was about to offer him."

Mr. Miller stood for a dignity, scholaring which were in the traditions of his generation. After school and a college career at Dartmouth which gave no promise of any successful career, he joined the staff of that newspaper which was a school of journalism of the first rank—the *Springfield Republican* under Samuel Bowles. There he was imbued with the standards which he upheld through failure and success on the *Times*. The letters to old friends which Mr. Bond quotes show a humorous touch which was felt too rarely in his editorial writings; Mr. Miller appears to have reserved a delightful side chiefly for his club friends and old associates.

The author makes up the story of Mr. Miller's life largely of anecdotal memoirs. No attempt is made as is customary in an editorial biography to reconstruct the history of his times in a narrative of Mr. Miller's comment upon men, measures, and events. Mr. Miller was an ardent opponent of the high protective tariff, and a consistent supporter of the Wilsonian ideals in international affairs. His editorials upon foreign affairs during the war period reached probably the greatest heights of his journalistic career. In social and labor matters he was a conservative. An appendix contains a liberal volume of selections from Mr. Miller's writings which might have been made more worthwhile by brief, informative notes upon the circumstances surrounding them. The volume as a whole, however, is a deserved tribute to one whose labors, as Mr. Bond remarks, were an "influence which shows itself in the growing independence of the press and the public's taste for better journalism."



"*A tale of primitive lusts and jealousies and dreadful revenge*"
—RALPH STRAUSS

What sort of man could write such a book as this—the strange and sinister tale of one who feared life and was tossed headlong into bestiality—its nightmare atmosphere—its inspired writing—its flashes of haunting beauty? With his first book, short stories entitled *Nightseed*, this young English writer commanded the praise of Galsworthy, Bennett, Williamson and scores of other distinguished writers and critics. With his first novel, *Gay Agony*, he has fulfilled their high predictions. An important new figure has arrived.

GAY AGONY

by H. A. MANHOOD

A De Quincy or a Poe might have imagined such a village as Manhood describes in this book. Against its background he has told the story of Micah, the sensitive and inhibited townsman, and Drusilla, the country Jezebel. He has written a daring novel—a book that is not for the timid, but for those who can face new vistas and find beauty in a bold and rugged landscape. *"Superbly written, unmistakably fine."*—HUGH WALPOLE. $2.50

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

GOLD. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

"Gold" carries on the story of the Van Horn family begun by Mr. Kelland in "Hard Money," a novel which chronicled the rise to colossal financial eminence of Jan Van Horn in the New York of the early nineteenth century. Here, in the sequel, we first encounter his indomitable, imperious, fabulously beautiful daughter, Anneke, who at twenty-three is just entering into untrammeled control of the great banking house founded by her late father and taking her exalted place in fashionable metropolitan society of the mid-1840's. From first to last, the character of Anneke —she is conceived as a kind of shrieking all-round superwoman—her achievements in the American money mart during the four decades of her prodigious activity, her amazing duplicities, flirtations, sorrows, hatreds, loves, quite pass credulity. But as a pictorial narrative of the American scene—1845-1880—and in the authenticity with which are woven into the story historical national figures and events that play portentous parts in the molding of the preposterous heroine's destiny, the book achieves an unusual interest and a convincing level of verisimilitude.

ENCHANTING CLEMENTINA. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

Mrs. Cleugh here introduces, besides various new principals, a number of people in supplementary rôles who have figured in her preceding novels of British gentle and titled folk disporting themselves at soirées, courting, flirting, intriguing, and otherwise glamorously decorating the world of wealth and fashion in Victorian London of the 'fifties. The toast of the town is Clementina, Franco-Russian prima ballerina, a coquettish minx who so profoundly infatuates the young Duke of Llandudno that he publicly announces his bethrothal to her, thereby jilting his noble cousin and inciting his mother, the dowager duchess, to launch a plot which will not only disillusion the dancer in his eyes but compass his marriage to the kinswoman he had cast aside. Though infinitely gay and sprightly, the book is not suitable fare for readers of the sterner sex nor for the seriously inclined of the opposite persuasion.

FAY'S CIRCUS. By KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD. Norton. 1931. $2.

This is a good, workmanlike novel of life in a small circus in Australia. According to the jacket, the author travelled across the Australian continent herself with a circus to get the material, and there can be no doubt of the authenticity of her picture. She avoids the false glamor with which the circus is sometimes invested, and avoids also the slightly more mature sentimental convention of the clown who laughs with a breaking heart. What she presents is a rough, harsh life, which yet has a certain fascination for those born to it, so that though they may think they hate it, they cannot bring themselves to break away from it for good. It must be said, however, that this fascination is stated rather than conveyed; we are assured that it exists, but we are never made to feel it ourselves, as we do feel the fascination of life with a travelling fair in "The Happy Warrior," or with a "concert party" in "The Good Companions."

The author has evidently taken seriously her task of collecting material. There is a plenty, almost a plethora, of incident and character that rather smells of the notebook: one suspects that Miss Prichard heard of or witnessed some interesting occurrence and determined to work it in somehow. The material is competently handled, there is no real fault to find with the book, and yet there is something wanting. For whatever reason, it does not grasp one's interest and imagination as it should.

SINGLE LADY. By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS. Brewer & Warren. 1931. $2.

This novel is almost sure to strike anyone who has read "The Sun Also Rises" as a sprawling and inept exaggeration of the mood that was Ernest Hemingway's five years ago. It concerns itself with young men in Paris, just out of the Army, drinking, for a variety of reasons, preposterous quantities of alcohol, and all of them rapidly "hurtling toward destruction."

One feels that Mr. Saunders has been somewhat nervous of this inevitable comparison with Hemingway, and one ascribes to his nervousness his laughable attempts to make this book "different," from Hemingway's story. (For example, Hemingway's people go to Spain for the climax of his novel; Mr. Saunders's go to Portugal.) What Mr. Saunders has really done here is to adapt the Hemingway mood without understanding it, adapt the Hemingway plot incidents without perceiving any of their underlying structure, and season the whole with gay but infinitely futile dialogue.

At the end of "Single Lady," after everyone has duly hurled to destruction except the prudish hero and the gay but virgin heroine, these two marry. The reader is led to suppose, naturally, that they live happily ever after.

TOPSY. By A. P. HERBERT. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Topsy, as all readers of *Punch* know, is a caricature of the smart, modern English girl-about-town, titled and all. Her dashing letters to her friend, Trix, letters splashed with italics and innocent of all except the bare necessities of punctuation, are here collected. They go to make a very tender story, for sentiment is never far below the surface of Mr. Herbert's humor. And through all her adventures Topsy maintains a wide-open eye that never fails to detect or sight buncombe in all its manifestations. Sometimes, perhaps, she fails to see beneath it. For her views are very like Mr. Herbert's own—which, in turn, resemble the views of Mr. Punch. That is to say, good old British horse sense, modernized and kept abreast of the times, and when it doesn't conflict with some private prejudice or sentiment, is the thing to stand for; and let there be no nonsense, no isms and cults and reforms and no new or old fangled ideas. And carry on! while muddling through.

Topsy has a brush with the highbrows—". . . a perfectly *fallacious* party my dear all Russians and High Art and beards and everything. . . ." She goes in for literature, reducing, and good works. She goes for a week in the country to stay with older relatives who talk about ideals and dislike cocktails and cosmetics, and spend most of their time slaughtering birds and other fauna. "Well my dear *don't* think I'm *sentimental* or anything plebeian, my dear *nobody* adores an *expensive* roast bird more than I do . . . all *I* do say is that anybody who does bird-slaughter for fun had much better be comparatively *reticent* about their *ideals*. . . ." Eventually Topsy becomes engaged to her Mr. Haddock, marries him on the eve of his election, and finally runs, herself, in his place when Mr. Haddock is unseated. The second part of the book is about Topsy as Lady Member from her despised Burbleton. This portion of the story, like most sequels, is not so fresh or so funny. But the satire is more definite—chiefly political. Topsy drafts her many bills—all in her own argot. She proves herself to be nobody's fool, emerging triumphant from many a contretemps. But we leave her resolving to quit public life. Perhaps the twins have determined her choice to retire to a brighter Burbleton. Oh, yes, Topsy had long before predicted twins for herself. These are "*quite* definitely . . . *perfectly* revolting, my dear the *most* amorphous and *unfinished* little objects, my dear mere studies as the artists say . . . however I must say they have rather heart-rending little toy hands, my dear too pathetic, like a *fairy* frog's. . . ."

There are fifty-one of these letters in the volume, affording a feast of Mr. Herbert's humor and satire. Taken in small doses, they are delightful. And you will probably read them all before you are through.

PICK UP. By EUNICE CHAPIN. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

This is the slightly idiotic, pseudo-sophisticated tale of one hectic year in the life of Cherry Towne, petite, eighteen-year-old New York stenographer, whose fatal blonde beauty so profoundly hypnotizes a blasé millionaire that his existence proves intolerable until she consents to be his wife. It is also the tale of numerous extremely clever and improbable folk—members of the glittering high circles to which Cherry's rich beau gives her entrée—and of their meddlesome endeavors for or against consummation of the love match between the enraptured pair. A novel peopled exclusively by imbeciles, morons, pinheads, and worse, the author seems to have deliberately barred from its pages all possibility that her book might meet with the approval of any save the least discriminating readers.

(*Continued on next page*)

NEW BOOKS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL READER

Axel's Castle

A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870 to 1930

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Associate Editor "The New Republic"

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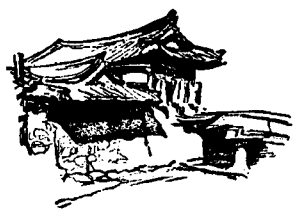

The Grass Roof

by Younghill Kang

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

I WAS rereading the other day, in connection with Diderot's "Letters" (cf. *Saturday Review*, February 14th), some minor prophets of materialism in the eighteenth century, and happened once more on La Mettrie's "L'Homme Machine," written in 1747 at Leyden in Holland.

"L'Homme Machine," what an "anticipation!" . . . Can you imagine a title more exactly corresponding to one of the catchwords of our own time? But the book is neither a vituperation nor an exaltation of mechanism, only a statement, less oratorical than was the fashion at that time, and comparatively brief. One half of Europe was convulsed with such horror at the idea of Man as a soulless mechanism, that La Mettrie, then a refugee in Holland, was soon shaken out of his refuge and had to find shelter elsewhere. And the other half admired so much the boldness and plausibility of his theory that Frederick of Prussia, ever ready to protect his opponents' enemies, gathered La Mettrie to his court, together with Voltaire.

La Mettrie was a celebrated physician, and also an epicure. He cured Lord Tyrconnell, the English Ambassador, of a dangerous illness. On his patient's recovery, he partook so freely of a North German pork pie, sent from Pomerania to the Ambassador, that he died of indigestion and blood poisoning. This "mechanical" result of an unchecked appetite was considered in some quarters as God's punishment, in others as a little Pomeranian joke.

There was much more in La Mettrie's work than an occasion for superficial and popular polemics. Let those, for instance, who think of Behaviorism as a "modern" discovery, read La Mettrie's "L'Homme Machine. . . ." It is one of those significant books that are likely to be unprocurable in America. The only modern French reprint in existence is a poor affair. The book deserves a competent introduction, showing the import and implications of La Mettrie's doctrine, and above all, his flashes of insight and power of anticipation. Compare La Mettrie's remarks on Man and Monkey (remember the date: 1747 . . .) —knowledge as a system of mere signs or signals—thought as the result of action, and action of desire, itching, sensual excitement —and several other unbaked but full-leavened half loaves of half truth.

"L'Homme-Plante," also by La Mettrie, ought also to be reprinted, in preference to his better known but luscious and silly "Art de Jouir." If only this last book was true to its title! But what a fraud. It is a guide neither to *Art de jouir* nor to *Jouir de l'art*.

Have you noticed that "failures" generally do better as characters in a novel than successful men? Remember Dickens's and Daudet's unforgettable down-at-heels. Prosperity is in most cases a result of adaptability. It excludes originality. Complete failure in life does not necessarily imply genius, but it requires an imperviousness to the dictates of self-interest and the lessons of experience that amounts to personal distinction, or say, literary distinctness. So that unsuccessful men can easily become the most successful "characters." Weak in conduct, they are incoercible in mind. They keep their individuality, they stand intact, they remain themselves. In a sense, the good-for-nothing is the real superman.

Henri Duvernois, who has written many novels and a few plays, is the witty, sensible chronicler of "failures," and the clear-sighted, unsentimental raconteur of feminine vagaries. "Les Soeurs Hortensias" (Grasset) is one of his best novels, truly amusing, but truly true to life, and love in life. Like all other books of the same author it deals exclusively with Parisian types in a Parisian décor.

Marcelle Tinayre's "L'Ennemie Intime" is just the reverse, that is, exclusively provincial. A great book in the Balzacian manner, an exhaustive study of the feeling of hatred in a restricted family living in a well defined district (i. e., Le Rouergue). I need not insist on the merit of "L'Ennemie Intime." Marcelle Tinayre's name on the cover of a book is a sufficient guarantee of its worth. Though entirely different from each other, "Les Soeurs Hortensias" and "L'Ennemie Intime" attest the vitality of the traditional novel, even in France.

In spite of some awkward admittances (cf. "L'occasion seule a fait ce livre. . . ." "Je déteste les opinions originales. . . .") Louis Gillet's "Shakespeare" is an important and brilliant book (Grasset). He deliberately avoids essential issues as: textual integrity, mixed authorship, common stock, etc. On others, less important, like the moral problem in the Sonnets, M. L. Gillet is fearless and outspoken. As in other French scholars' books on Shakespeare the quotations are prosily, haltingly, translated into the French verse.

But the wealth and worth of the book is none the less undeniable. If Shakespeare appears to be over "latinized" this also is the result of a full measure of range and penetration. I doubt whether there exists a better and more readable synopsis—I mean for the non specialist—of whatever deserves to be learnt about the traditional Shakespeare.

I have, for ages, ceased mentioning in these Letters the many "Lives" of great men, romanced or unromanced, that are still pouring from our presses. There are too many of them. Besides, all that stuff is second-hand, and most of it is now dropping to a third or fourth rate level. Some eagle-eyed publishers, mostly American or English, pounce with an unerring instinct upon the worst of these biographies (not so different from the best, after all), and get them translated. It may be good business if the "rights" are cheap enough. Consequence: you will find in honest weeklies solemn reviews of books which read in French as if they had been perpetrated by sweated labor.

All series are not so bad, nor all "titles" in the same series. Among a batch of inanities, you will meet some picturesque, forgotten, lively figures of the past, such as "General Yusuf," by Constantin Weyer (Gallimard), or a good, able, competent study, written by a competent man, such as Henri Gouhier's "Auguste Comte." In Plon's series, the quality is more even. Great musicians' lives seem to be the dreariest in all these "libraries." Returning to Gouhier's "Auguste Comte": how noble and disinterested was the fascination that attracted men of genius to America at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was, then, a comparatively poor country. Do you think that the dollar magnet, so powerful nowadays, means a real progress? And, speaking of Constantin Weyer, why not mention here his "Napoleon" (Rieder), a rattling story of horse dealers and horse stealers on the Canadian frontier, centred around the picturesque half-caste whose imperial name, not unworthily borne, is the title of the book.

"A quoi Rêve le Monde" (What the world is dreaming of), such is the plain and unassuming title of M. Alfred Fabre Luce's recent book. I like his books for reasons that he may dislike. They have a refreshing quality of jauntiness. Now, the world, to a monist, may be an entity capable of thinking or dreaming. I am a pluralist. If the world dreams, it is not necessarily about what M. Alfred Fabre Luce happens to have observed: the effects of "Slumpitis" in America (one third of the book)—Young Japan—China, "the Vestal of War," and its Northern Railway, etc. If the world really dreams of these things, it does not inevitably borrow Paul Morand's style and metaphors to describe its musings, as does M. Alfred Fabre Luce at his best. Still, there is a freshness, a zest, a finished and curt cocksureness about the whole thing which makes it alive, interesting, and above all, representative of a certain type of well-to-do amateurs who become in all sports as good as professionals, and more amusing to look at.

Let us be thankful for small mercies. At least, these stories of M. Fabre Luce *are* alive. You will not, in his book, stumble against the empty, but plausible and facile, patter of the so-called social or national psychologist. He is not one of those professorial gas-bags who go about providing explicative slogans of America for the benefit of Americans, introducing England to Englishmen, explaining France to Frenchmen, Spain to Spaniards, and each of the blessed world's several countries to a majority of feeble-minded in all the others. He sometimes talks in the air, but not through his hat.

I shall end with "Ou Dejeunerons Nous?" by Gaston Deyris (Albin Michel). It is a list of 4,000 "reasonable" French restaurants scattered all over the country; and that list is emphatically *not* designed for American tourists. Which means that it does *not* consist of advertisements, and is restricted to places mainly frequented by the natives. One asterisk indicates the inns where you can have a good lunch, wine included, for less than twenty-five francs (one dollar). The notices are short and to the point.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LILIES OF THE ALLEY. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Appleton. 1931. $2.

Mr. Cohen's familiar characters reappear on the lot of Midnight Pictures and in the darker side of Birmingham's social life, and the author's ever fertile and riotous imagination provides new incidents. The titles are as always amusing and punning. Mr. Cohen has made this particular extravagant type of negro story in an artifical and modern setting his own, and has built up an immense popularity for the goings on of Florian Slappey, Opus Randall, Orifice R. Latimer, and the remainder of the cast. Their woes —"whoas"—furnish a moment's merriment and a sense of wonder at Mr. Cohen's inexhaustible supply of plot. It is not necessary to appraise these stories as any part of true literature about the negro; they are highly entertaining sketches of their kind, and Mr. Cohen doubtless claims no more for them.

WHITEY. By Carroll and Garrett Graham. Vanguard. 1931. $2.

Whitey, so-called "playboy" of "Queer People," the Graham brothers' earlier novel, which recounted that bibulous chiseler's adventures in Hollywood, is here landed, penniless and friendless, in New York, to experience his initial contacts with the fast night life of the metropolis. An inexhaustible sot, Whitey passes, virtually unscathed, through a medley of riotous happenings.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

SEVERAL weeks since, a client of the Guide passing through New York (whose home address I neglected to note down) called this department on the telephone and asked if there were any books on keeping a diary. Her little girl, fired by the example of a brother at boarding school, had asked to be provided with a diary and her mother thought something in the way of an example, fictional or otherwise, might be a good idea to go with it. I am using this means to let her know that the book I then told her was in press and likely to be just what she needed, has now appeared and is better than I had hoped for. This is the "Diry" of Sylvia McNeely (Longmans, Green), one year in the life of a ten-year-old, set down with an uncompromising frankness carrying complete conviction even if the reader is not in a position, as I am, to guarantee its authenticity and the fact that it was not written with an eye to possible print. If this were not the daughter of Marion Hurd McNeely I should have been a bit nervous about the appearance of the journal of so young a child, but I believed that anything so wise and understanding a woman might sanction would be worth printing. It is more than printworthy: it is one of the very few documents of a genuine American child, and as such not to be left out of the library of teachers, parents, or other relatives of American children, or indeed of anyone who would recover one golden year from the dim backward and abysm of time. For Sylvia's family was not too rich for her to have what we sometimes call an old-fashioned childhood, meaning the sort now being enjoyed by normally brought-up little girls in small comfortable cities the country over. The mother whose vibrant presence is felt throughout the record was stricken out of life before it saw print: she was the author of "The Jumping-Off Place," who, as readers of this department will remember, celebrated not winning two thousand dollars by sending me the rollicking "Ballad of an Also-Ran." I need not say with what emotion I read Sylvia's buoyant entry on this day that "Mother almost won a prize." I am glad to say that "The Jumping-Off Place" keeps at the head of popular novels for the teen age, and bids fair to fulfil my prediction that it will be to the literature of this time of life what "A Son of the Middle Border" is to that of grown-ups.

The other diaries I suggested to my unknown client, by the way, were those of Judge Shute, "The Diary of a Real Boy," "Brite and Fair," and indeed, all the Plupy books, which though strictly speaking apocrypha are based on actual events with real names given. I did not include the "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff nor the one by that Freudian young girl of Vienna, wasn't it, who fluttered our censorship some years ago. Sylvia, "Plupy," and the little girl whose mother called me up are yet in the realistic age that lies between the fairytale years when they believe anything and the romantic period in which nothing they write in their diaries need be literally believed.

THIS week's mail sets me some pretty tasks with quotations: how am I to discover, on behalf of *C. B., New York City*, the original source of the rhyme "There was an old man of Tobago," first mentioned by Edward Lear in the introduction to "More Nonsense," August, 1871, as having been suggested to him as a suitable form of verse for lending itself to a limitless variety for rhymes and pictures, and taken by him as model for his first "Book of Nonsense," published in 1846? Dickens, in "Our Mutual Friend" (1864), makes Eugene Wrayburn lazily misquote it after his aristocratic fashion in Chapter II. So much my correspondent tells me, I know too that it is in Mother Goose, but who began it? I have looked through nine volumes of fact-books, learning thereby much useful information about tobacco and Tobit (I don't wonder Stella Benson used him for a book) but all I can find is that in 1909 the estimated population of Trinidad was 351,422 "including Tobago," and no one could call that helpful. Also I wish I could tell *the professor of natural history in Germantown, Pa.*, who asks for a certain rhyme familiar to his childhood, where he can get a copy of the verses beginning

There once was a frog who lived in a bog
On the banks of Lake Okeefinokee. . . .

for this was one of my own young favorites, and there is just a chance I may have read it in *St. Nicholas*, then teeming with good nonsense verse, and how pleasant, under the existing circumstances, that would be! Can anyone send this scientist, who frequents Okeefinokee Swamp in the line of his business nowadays, the rest of this song, that he may hum it in its proper environment?

J. L., New York City, says:—"May I suggest for addition to your list of novels dealing with several generations of a family, 'The Tides of Malvern,' by Francis Griswold, and 'Short As Any Dream,' by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant? 'Short As Any Dream' is the work of an artist, exquisitely done. Your correspondent S. T. T. seems to be stretching a point when he includes 'The Great Meadow.' The parents of Diony are important in the story, but not more so than similar characters in many another novel. The novel which gives in retrospect in its early chapters the story of its protagonist's parents or ancestors is hardly to be described as a true novel of the generations. If it could be so described, one might include in such a category even Hergesheimer's 'Wild Oranges,' which is a novelette both in length and form, and yet gives, in implication, much of the story of two generations.

"As a playwright (unsung and largely unperformed) may I congratulate you on the vividness of your phrase defining a really good play? I shall remember it."

P. M., Wayland, Mass., asks if there is a satisfactory one- or two-volume history of the literatures of the world.

OF course from the standpoint of the student or the specialist no summary treatment of the world's literature will be satisfactory. Of the best of them it must be said—and I have said it in the chapter on "Outline Books" in my "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt)—that "of necessity they must deal in general views and general statements, and in time generalities and nothing but generalities are bound to flatten out the mind." But so far as a survey may be made, John Macy has certainly made it in his "Story of the World's Literature," published by Liveright in 1926 in one volume of over 600 pages with illustrations, and I am glad to see that it is being generally used in reading-rooms for this purpose. "The Outline of Literature," edited by John Drinkwater (Putnam), is in three large volumes much illustrated; it is by various specialists and though uneven quality is useful either for introducing the subject in general to one who wishes to read further or more especially for rounding up the reading of a desultory book-lover.

H. P. B., Allenwood, Pa., asks for "the whereabouts of a line that runs something like 'Om, the dewdrop slips into the shining sea.'"

WITH all now being written about India and Hindu idealism, I hope this inquiry leads someone to Sir Edwin Arnold's Victorian best-seller, "The Light of Asia," in which this line is to be found, for I know of no better entrance to an understanding of these ideals by general readers in the western world than that afforded by this book-length poem. It is published in several inexpensive editions by Altemus, Burt, Putnam, and Little, Brown, and in a special six-dollar volume with pictures by Hamzeh Carr and an introduction by Sir E. Denison Ross (Dodd, Mead). This line comes at the close of the summing-up of the message of Buddha with which the book ends, and concludes the dedication of the work:—

The Dew is on the Lotus! Rise Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the Shining Sea!

and a note says that the phrase is generally translated "Glory to the Lotus-bearer, Hum" or "Our praise to the Golden Lotus Saint."

HENRY FURST, Chief of the Division of Documents, Library of Congress, sends a correction with regard to a letter referring to his translation of Ugo Ojetti's "Cose Viste," which is not as the correspondent gave it, but "as they seemed to me" (Methuen, 1928). He says, "Signor Ojetti has just published a fifth volume of the series, containing an essay on Toscanini which is one of the best things he has ever done, and one of the best things ever written about the great musician. Ojetti objected to my English title on the ground that it was too Pirandellian, but the title 'Things Seen' was used by G. K. Chesterton for so many years that it was hardly possible to take possession of it."

GENTLE reader of these lines, you are mentioned in the current *Publisher's Weekly*; in an article on "Dedications to Date" the one to "Books as Windows" is given,

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Points of View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Dr. Fabian Franklin, in his review of "The Menace of Overproduction" in the February 28th issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, raises a number of objections to the too ready acceptance of the "overproduction terror." He draws attention to the absence of endeavor to distinguish between proof that the tendency to generally overproduce exists, and proof that the tendency will continue, or even that it is very likely to continue.

In the event that such a tendency exists, will the proposed changes put an end to the evil? The reviewer doubts the efficacy of the proposed remedies and suggests in the event of failure, a change to communism or at least some extreme form of socialism.

As editor of "The Menace of Overproduction" I agree that the claims for overproduction should be subjected to searching tests, and find acceptance when approved. On the other hand, it would be disastrous not to subject well authenticated evidence to test.

The evidence to which I refer will not lend itself to this test as long as we fail to agree on terms. Overproduction as known to John Stuart Mill (1806-1873) is not the overproduction we face today. According to him, universal overproduction is impossible because an oversupply of individual commodities registers an unbalanced relation in the production of commodities.

Back of any temporary surplus today is a Capacity to Consistently Produce More than Can Be Sold at a Profit. In other words, the industrial capacity of the world in 1931 cannot be brought into full use without destroying profits. Excess capacity is increasing at a faster rate than income. Industrial expansion has been accelerated to a point which insures diminishing income returns. While the total income of the world is increasing, it is decreasing when considered in relation to the growth of wealth and population. In the United States close to half the corporations are operating at a deficit.

Those who eliminate excess capacity from the supply-demand equation, contend that overproduction is impossible in a world where millions are suffering for want of food, clothing, etc. Overproduction they hold is really "underconsumption." Absolute and effectual demand are hopelessly confused.

As far back as 1776, Adam Smith explained the difference between effectual and absolute demand—"A very poor man may be said in some sense to have a demand for a coach and six; he might like to have it; but his demand is not an effectual demand, as the commodity can never be brought to the market in order to satisfy it."

This distinction has its application today. The absolute demand for motor vehicles is something better than one to every 4.6 of the population of the United States. It is something better than one to every 12,268 of the population of China. The absolute demand may prove in time to be better than one to every 4.6 for the people of all countries, but this demand cannot be made effectual unless the general income level is raised.

In the last analysis only a certain proportion of the total income goes for food, clothing, automobiles, etc. This proportionate share of income is the normal index to purchasing power. It is all important, therefore, to know whether the total income is increasing or decreasing in relation to the growth of wealth and population.

When income that is paid out in the form of wages, salaries, interest, dividends, rents, royalties, fails to absorb all that is produced, men and machines are bound to become idle. This idleness reduces purchasing power and causes markets to dwindle.

The growth of excess capacity has escaped close valuation because we had no adequate measure of the rate of industrial acceleration. The modern industrial plant has been geared to peak demand, without taking into account the cost of irregular use; the cost of idle capacity at the top and wasteful producers at the bottom.

Producers and distributors in this country and abroad have no accurate information on the growth of productive capacity. They have data relating to production, sales, prices, stocks, and unfilled orders, but the available indexes fail to reveal operation capacity. Under these conditions capacity is looked upon as a theoretical figure, based upon estimates or arbitrary calculations.

While the largest monthly output of any industry multiplied by twelve gives our only index to the theoretical possible output, this estimate is very meagre. It fails to reveal the growth of wasteful producers at the bottom or excess capacity at the top. We lack in so many words a base line or standard of production from which to make the necessary measurements. As long as the growth of capacity eludes measurement we cannot hope to keep the rate of growth of our basic industries in adjustment.

When Dr. Franklin stresses the need for more exact statistical information, he is in agreement with all the contributors to "The Menace of Overproduction." They discuss at length the establishment of these necessary fact finding agencies.

The reviewer will undoubtedly agree that many of his own conclusions are based upon estimates. Take, for example, the information at our disposal relating to the growth of wealth, population, and income. Back in 1921 the National Bureau of Economic Research pointed out that only one country in the world, Australia, had ever taken a census of incomes. In other countries what is known about the size of the national income and the mode of its distribution rests upon estimates.

The collection of data listed for estimating the national income of the United States are of two kinds. One kind shows incomes received—the income-tax returns, reports on wages and salaries, investigations of the profits of farmers, and the like. The second kind shows income produced.

We depend to a large extent upon estimates in the valuation of property. Dr. Willford I. King in "The National Income and Its Purchasing Power" says—"In the industries controlled by corporations, it is possible to estimate, with some degree of confidence in the results, the total value of the industry at the beginning and at the end of the year. Thanks to the Bureau of the Census and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, it is also possible to arrive at a moderately accurate statement of the value of farm property at yearly intervals. In other important fields, however, data are almost completely lacking, hence the values placed upon the business utilized in such industries are nothing but guesses."

Our census of population, taken at ten-year intervals, forces us to rely on estimates for the year to year shift in population between industries and States. Our employment agencies are not in a position to furnish monthly reports on employment and unemployment, technological and otherwise.

"The Menace of Overproduction" was written so that the people of the United States might have a first-hand picture of the growth of excess capacity in the basic industries of the country. Through this means overproduction is viewed as a movement involving all industries and all nations.

Each one of our basic industries is covered by a man of the highest standing in his field. The chapter on the bituminous mining industry is by C. E. Bockus, President of the National Coal Association. Agriculture is discussed by Dr. O. E. Baker, Senior Agricultural Economist, U. S. Department of Agriculture. H. P. Kendall, President of the Kendall Co., tells of overproduction in the cotton textile industry.

The international aspects of the problem are discussed by Sir Henri Deterding, Managing Director, Royal Dutch Shell Co.; by Paul H. Fassnacht, President, Rudolph Mosse, international publishers and advertisers. Henry Chalmers, Chief, Division of Foreign Tariffs, traces the transformation of the United States from an agricultural to an industrial nation (1830-1930). He tabulates the growth of actual production.

If there are limits to the rate of industrial expansion, it necessarily follows that there must be limits to the size as well as the number of industrial units that can operate in any field at a fair income return. In order that the principle involved in determining those limits may be stressed, three aspects of the merger movement are considered. The savings effected through mergers are discussed by Francis H. Sisson. Dr. Virgil Jordan traces limits to the merger trend. Paul T. Cherington discusses the wastes resulting from business operations too small in scale.

No contributor to the book is committed to an endorsement of the views expressed by the other contributors. They are very generally agreed, however, that the gap between world production and consumption is growing wider. The law of supply and demand is brought up for wholesome criticism. Attention is directed to the weak spots in the law and ways and means are suggested by the contributors for eliminating these weaknesses.

We can strengthen the law of supply and demand so as to insure coördination and the related growth of industries and nations, or we can scrap the law, relieve the individual of all responsibility, and substitute the government as a price-fixing agent.

"The Menace of Overproduction" is an evolutionary approach to the overproduction problem. The book defines a business philosophy "which recognizes that in every department of life prevention is superior to cure."

SCOVILLE HAMLIN.

Greenwich, Conn.

Charles A. Bennett Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The undersigned, with Lee W. Dodd, proposes to edit a selection of letters of the late Charles A. Bennett, professor of philosophy at Yale, and will be grateful if any friends or correspondents of his having letters in their possession will send them on for inspection. Copies will be made and the originals safely returned.

HENRY S. CANBY.

The Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Hendrik van Averscamp

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A request has come from an authority in Holland for information concerning the paintings and drawings available in America by the Dutch master Hendrik van Averscamp (1585-1663) who, because of his pronounced taciturnity, became known as "de Stomme van Kampen," the Mute of Kampen. He produced many pictures, mainly landscapes, with winter scenes his favorite subjects. The inquirer knows of but four of his works being in America but feels sure that there must be many others.

The purpose of this inquiry is to do full justice to the painter and to the owners of his paintings today. Authentic paintings will be listed and located in a forthcoming volume to be published in Holland. That the long neglected Mute of Kampen may have an opportunity "to speak through his published works" will be of interest to many. Any information sent to the undersigned at the Public Library, Oakland, California, will be forwarded to the compiler of the proposed volume.

JOHN B. KAISER,
Librarian.

Shakespeare studied this book...

THREE HUNDRED and eight years ago the *First Folio* appeared; and also Henry Cockeram's *Dictionarie.*

Perhaps you have the patience to enumerate all the editions of Shakespeare, but ours is the first reprint of what is conceded to be the first dictionary in English. In this book eight thousand words the Elizabethans employed are listed and defined, so that the *Dictionarie* is also a social history of Elizabethan England.

Since *our edition appeared we have been obliged to inaugurate an Encomium File, for a Publicity File, merely, was quite inadequate. Among those who Wrote in Praise were *William Soskin* of the New York *Evening Post* who commented that the dictionary "seems to me to reflect amusingly the tendency in another age's language. It has been reprinted in singularly appropriate format and pleasing typography;" *Harry Emerson Wilder* of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* who wrote "altogether a most fascinating book to turn pages all evening long, and a very valuable assistance to those lovers of the classic writings of Elizabethan and Stuart times;" and *Carl Purington Rollins* who in *The Compleat Collector* declared that "what at first sight might seem an odd volume to reprint turns out to be more interesting than many of the reprint ventures of our times... Altogether a charming little book in contents, style and binding."

Our reprint of the book which Shakespeare (William) must have studied was designed and printed at *The Printing House of William Edwin Rudge* in an edition of 999 copies at $7.50, and was adjudged one of *The Fifty Best Books of 1930.* The book is obtainable from any upright bookseller, or from the publishers, HUNTINGTON PRESS, situated at 205 East Forty-second Street, Manhattan.

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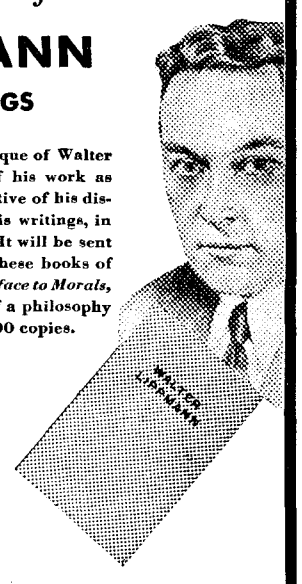
This booklet makes no pretense of being a critique of Walter Lippmann's place in American liberalism or of his work as Editor of the *New York World.* It is a brief narrative of his distinguished public career and an exposition of his writings, in which you will find his best thought embedded. It will be sent anywhere free upon request to the publishers. These books of Mr. Lippmann's are on sale at all bookstores. *A Preface to Morals,* "a statement profound, eloquent and sustained of a philosophy for the adult modern," has sold more than 100,000 copies.



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Monseigneur le Vin

MONSEIGNEUR LE VIN. Paris: Etablissements Nicolas. 1924-7. Five volumes.

"OLD friend, I will not drink your dandelion wine," sings a recent very minor poet—and he had the right idea as anyone knows who has been compelled to sample the various concoctions miscalled "wine" which the recent drought has brought to the tables of otherwise sensible people. That the drought has been especially severe in the matter of wine is true—and no help can be expected from any legislative body. ("Mr. Blank," said a Great Lady to a Rural Legislator, "what do you think of this prohibition folly?" "Well," came the cautious reply, "I sometimes take a little whisky for my stomach's sake." "And how does your stomach feel *now?*" "O, w-e-l-l, it would feel better for a little whiskey.") What the lovers of Monseigneur le Vin can do in such parched times depends somewhat on locality—apparently in Jersey or California one need not crush one's own grapes; in less favored regions one can at least buy grapes and leave the juice to nature and *saccharomyces ellipsoideus.*

It may be true that "God's best gift is the wayside well,"—but after that comes Monseigneur le Vin! If you doubt it, think of that appalling time when the phylloxera killed the vines of France. America came gallantly to the rescue then, and her grape vines rejuvenated the vineyards of France. The phylloxera, incidentally, is native to our Middle West; would it be impertinent to suggest the substitution of that pest for the eagle as a national (prohibition) emblem? I did not undertake to write the history of either vine or wine, yet as the preface to "Monseigneur le Vin" says: "In writing the history of the vine do we not write the history of the world? In the blessed countries where grows the grape, the vine and civilization keep pace; where the vine fails, civilization demands it; where the vine disappears, civilization declines. From age to age the culture of the vine increases and fills the fountain of youth with perpetual refreshment. The ostracism of the vine is a strange obsession in that great New World which had but to perfect its vineyards to rid itself of envy of the Old." And so these volumes proceed to the pleasant task of rendering homage to Monseigneur le Vin.

The history of wine through the ages—the wines of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, of "Anjou, Touraine, Alsace, Champagne et autres Grands Vins de France"—and finally a discourse on the serving of wine—these are the matters spread before the reader in these five volumes. The books are small and thin—but extraordinarily interesting and diverse in contents. One more quotation from "L'Art de Boire": "There is a proverb, When wine is drawn one must drink it. This maxim is unfortunate: it is not the result of a fine taste guiding a fine thought. An epicure would have said, "When wine is drawn one must know how to drink it"—and to that righteous end there are many pictures of wrong and right wine glasses!

The books are good examples of the zest which moves printers and illustrators—sometimes at least—when they have an alluring subject. All are illustrated in colors, the pictures by Charles Martin, Carlègle, and Pierre Lissac being especially good. They add measurably to the attractiveness of the books, and immeasurably to the joyfulness of them. Thirty-two thousand copies were printed, and the edition is exhausted—nevertheless we strongly recommend them to all collectors!

Emerson records in his diary that in one year he spent twenty dollars for wines—all drunk and nothing to show for it; with an equal sum, he says regretfully that he could have bought a print which would have delighted for a hundred years. Somehow, as I look at the work of Currier & Ives—and then at Monseigneur le Vin—and recall Emerson's New England with its hard cider and rum, I think that Emerson made no mistake in buying the wine! R.

Varia

QUARTO CLUB PAPERS, 1928-1929. New York: 1930.

MY colleague has reviewed this volume with careful attention to its merits as literature: may I suggest that it and the previous volume for 1929 are evidence of a high appreciation of the merits of fine typographical treatment for year books on the part of the members of the Quarto Club. The present edition is printed in excellent taste by William Edwin Rudge, under the direction of Frederic Warde. The type and the printing are delicate to the point of exquisiteness, but the light touch in printing is uncommon—and welcome when it is so successful. The title page is especially attractive.

APHRODITE IN AULIS. GEORGE MOORE. London: Heinemann: New York: Fountain Press.

It is too bad to issue a first edition of George Moore (or any other edition or author) in so unlovely a dress as this one sports in. The offenses against good bookmaking are numerous; to wit, the covers are of vellum covered boards which inevitably warp, the deckle edges protrude like sore fingers, the bleak type pages are poorly set. This is no way to treat George Moore, and the Riverside Press of Edinburgh should learn that so many galleys of Caslon type, divided into pages, do not make a book!

Mr. Thomas F. Madigan's latest catalogue of autographs is, physically, a most attractive volume. The reproductions are excellent, and the descriptions of the letters and documents unusually full and exact. In among letters from the Presidents of the United States, and other historical characters, such as Catherine the Great and Napoleon, there are many from Ambrose Bierce, Sir James M. Barrie, Henry James, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene O'Neill, and Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Bernard Darwin's "The Dickens Advertiser (N. Y. 1930, The Macmillan Company—$2.50) in a pleasant fashion assists the labor of interpreting the past century to the present day. Selecting as most characteristic the monthly part issues in which the novels of Charles Dickens first appeared, he has analyzed the advertisements to be found in them, and has thus created a perfect picture of what it was believed the public of that age wanted. Grouping the results of his really excellent study under such headings as "The Young Person" (an especially amusing chapter), "For the Head," and "The Pill," he describes with evident enjoyment and with long quotations—the efforts of contemporary tradesmen to call attention to themselves. There were original verses, long dialogues, paragraphs of small-type description, all centered about illustrations of such elegance that no one could possibly resist reading them. Messrs. Claudet and Houghton, of 89, High Holborn, for example, pointed out to a fascinated world, beneath a mantlepiece decorated with a bust, a statue of a hound mounted on a marble clock, and a vase filled with an admirable arrangement of wax-flowers, that they sold "Glass Shades for the protection of articles injured by exposure," along with fern cases and aquariums! Doudney and Son discussed at length their policy of contracting for the making of gentlemen's clothes by the year, with the understanding that old suits were to be returned. Investigations of this kind may perhaps be of more importance to social historians or to economists, than to book-collectors, but it will be a satisfaction to any one who has ever tried to read a bibliographical note on a perfect set of any Dickens novel in parts to have Mr. Darwin's interesting and entertaining book; it is in every way a most successful work.

G. M. T.

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. . . . *a man of art writes* MEN OF ART: THOMAS CRAVEN, *whose* BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH *is published this week.*

Four years ago *The Inner Sanctum* began to seek out the one writer in all the world best qualified to write a certain book for its own special benefit and delectation—a work sure to have an eager sale of at least two copies, a volume desperately needed by your own correspondents.

This highly selfish research magnincent aimed at a book which would shake the dust of the academies from the lives and achievements of the great painters and make them, in the famous phrase of HENRY HAZLITT, "live and dance and sing."

The Inner Sanctum was seeking an art critic who could write like a novelist, an expert and scholar who could make the age-long "passion for paint" not only historically true and aesthetically significant, but for human beings like themselves, foot-sore and museum-weary, luminously clear and exciting.

This week the book thus conceived and thus sought is published by *The Inner Sanctum* with pride and homage —in a first printing [thanks to the Book-of-the-Month Club and the book-sellers of America] about thirty-thousand times greater than the originally projected audience of two readers.

It is called *Men of Art.*

The author is THOMAS CRAVEN, historian and critic of art, who was unanimously recommended for this glamorous assignment by all the critics and artists consulted by *The Inner Sanctum.*

Four years ago THOMAS CRAVEN began the book with a commission from the publishers which ran something like this:

Go to Europe, visit all the galleries, immerse yourself in the work of the greatest painters, and write about them in a book to be called MEN OF ART. *Tell what makes a masterpiece immortal, what inner necessity impelled the geniuses to great achievements, what sort of lives they led, how they expressed their own times, why the men of art ever became* MEN OF ART.

The result, four years later, is a book of 548 pages and forty literally full-page plates, scheduled originally to be sold at $6.00, and now released, in a first printing of sixty thousand copies, at $3.00 —the book-of-the-month that in the highly prejudiced and intensely grateful opinion of *The Inner Sanctum* is a book for the years.

—ESSANDESS.

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HARPERS

THE PHOENIX NEST

PEARL BUCK'S "Good Earth" (John Day) seems to be the book of the hour. As usual we haven't read it yet. We never seem to be reading the books everyone is talking about. And then it takes a good deal, somehow, to make us tackle a book about China. However, we mean to get round to "The Good Earth" pretty shortly. We hear excellent things of it on all sides. . . .

We came across a book in England last Spring that made an impression upon us. It was called "The Secret Image," by *Laurence Oliver.* And now we see that Simon & Schuster have brought it out over here. This first novel has power, and we found it intensely readable. The situation presented and the whole scheme of development of the book shows marked originality. We are ready to read anything else Laurence Oliver writes as soon as it appears. . . .

In "More Boners" (Viking) there are some rather pretty quips. One of the ones we most fancy is "If a person marries and has a father who has a child, this child is niece to the husband." Also we like particularly *Dr. Seuss's* picture of the Sirens making all that noise in the middle of the ocean. And we are glad to be informed by a Vassar senior that "A proselyte is a woman of the streets." . . .

Macmillan has now brought out the work of *Edwin Arlington Robinson* in almost every conceivable manner. The latest volume is a combination of Charles Cestre's "Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson," with *Bliss Perry's* "Selected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson," both works being bound together in one volume. . . .

Stanley Rose, Ltd., of Hollywood, has brought out a pamphlet, "Lo, the Poor Bookseller," by *H. L. Mencken*, published in an edition limited to five hundred copies for distribution gratis. This pamphlet constitutes an authentic Mencken first. Mr. Rose has distributed it to advertise his store and a series of chapbooks that he intends to bring out later. . . .

An interesting book on the Spring list of the Yale University Press is *Marian King's* outspoken story of a patient's experiences in a hospital for the mentally ill. *Adolph Meyer* supplies the book with a preface. . . .

Simultaneously with the seventy-fifth birthday of *Dr. Sigmund Freud*, Horace Liveright will publish in May a history of the development of thought and the influence of Freud's theories in the realms of philosophy, psychology, science, literature, and indeed in every field of human endeavor. . . .

Aldous Huxley has completed his first play, dealing with spiritualism, and entitled "The World of Light." It will soon be produced at the Royalty Theatre in London in a series of special matinees. Last year we saw his novel, "Point Counterpoint," put on the stage in London, but the production did not do the novel justice. . . .

Osbert Sitwell went to an army crammer's and entered the army at the age of eighteen. He served in the Grenadier Guards for seven years, including the World War. Now his latest book, one of short stories, "Dumb Animal," has been withdrawn from publication in England by Duckworth, who have had to pay damages of $1250 to *Mrs. A. Courtnay Welsh*, whose husband conducts the military college at Aldershot, the scene of Sitwell's story, "Happy Endings." The lady believes that this story contains caricatures of herself and her son, who was killed in the war, though the story has met with approval in this country and will remain in the American edition brought out by Lippincott. . . .

Edna St. Vincent Millay's new volume of poems, a sonnet sequence entitled "Fatal Interview," is dedicated to the memory of the late *Elinor Wylie.* . . .

We were particularly glad to note the award of a Guggenheim scholarship to *Genevieve Taggard*, who will go abroad in June. She ought to produce something extremely notable, in a respite from the teaching work which has occupied her for the past year or so. . . .

Many a good word has been said for the late *Arnold Bennett* as a man, and any added remark of ours is of no particular importance. But it does seem strange not to think of him as still alive. Last Spring in London we happened to run into him both at lunch and at a dinner party on the same day. A friendly, amusing man, who seemed to possess a great zest for life. He gave one the impression of being in his prime, with still many years of work ahead. Some of his writing will endure in English literature. He remains one of the great twentieth century novelists. . . .

Dr. G. A. Dorsey, the anthropologist, who wrote "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," was even younger to die recently. . . .

Now we see that *Sinclair Lewis* is definitely committed to Doubleday, Doran for his next book which will probably be published in the early fall of 1932. . . .

George Seldes's new book published by Brewer, Warren & Putnam on the seventeenth of this month is called "Can These Things Be!" Two years ago, with "You Can't Print That!" Seldes wrote a book of remarkable journalistic disclosures. Here is the sequel. Seldes is a widely known and most able journalist. In 1917 he was an accredited member of the press section of the American Expeditionary Forces and covered the war for an association of thirty-five leading American newspapers outside of New York and Chicago. In 1924 he was assigned to the Roman Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune* and began his investigations of Fascism and Mussolini. Mr. Seldes writes of the "spectrum of terror" which at present colors all European thought. He is now back in Europe, spending the Spring in the South of France, writing and painting. . . .

P. E. G. Quercus, noting an advertisement of the Chicago University Press which declares "Chicago Police Problems," a 281-page book, was heard to remark, "Impossible! Couldn't get 'em into 281 pages by any means!" . . .

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"BEHOLD AMERICA" - - *Reviewed by* JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE RED AND WHITE GIRDLE *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MADAME DE LIEVEN - - *By* LYTTON STRACHEY

"OPUS 7" - *Reviewed by* LOUIS UNTERMEYER

BOOKS OF THE SPRING - *By* AMY LOVEMAN

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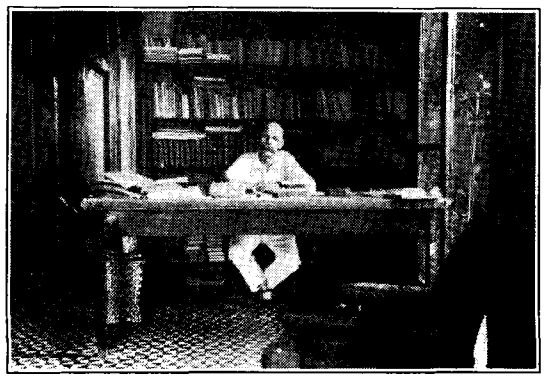

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